

THE ANGLO

AMERICAN.

A. D. PATERSON,

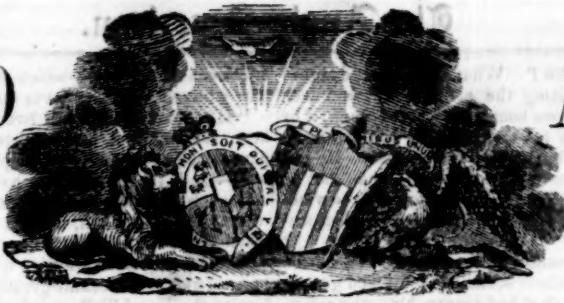
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THE FUNERAL OF CAMPBELL.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

When England's shore lay wild and dark,
Save the far beacon's misty spark,
Like mourners round the funeral bark,
The waves came rolling solemnly.

And all the winds were breathless bow'd,
With woe too lasting to be loud,
As lay the Bard without his shroud,
When waves were rolling solemnly.

While slow the funeral vessel swept,
Hope knelt, where cold her minstrel slept,
And o'er that brow of genius wept
The tears of immortality.

The flag that England's valour bore
Mid ocean-blast and battle's roar,
When left the hearse that wailing shore,
Droop'd mid the death gloom drearily.

Mourn, hapless Hohenlinden, mourn !

Thy bard to dust and darkness borne,

Whose voice can never more return

To breathe the hymn of liberty.

Mourn, mourn for him, Britannia's isle,
Whose harp is left, and mute the while,
That sang "The Baltic" and "The Nile,"

With Nelson's fame exultingly !

Years, years shall roll, and stars may throng
Around the classic heaven of song,
But never Fame hear one prolong

Thy lofty strain of minstrelsy.

'Tis morn ; the sunlit clouds have thrown
A solemn grandeur half their own
O'er abbey-aisle and sculptured stone,
Where England's dead rest gloriously.

There, mid the mightiest bards of earth,
The few that centuries gave to birth,
All crown'd around with classic worth,
Our Campbell sleeps eternally.

Though darkness wrap the poet's mould
Till time hath heaven's decrees unroll'd,
Still future ages shall behold

The bard of Hope's ascendancy.

A PORTRAIT.

'Twas not alone her simple grace,
That nobleness of brow and face,
Which nature's self supplies ;
Each vein seem'd like an azure thread,
Or angel-path that heavenward led
To those sweet stars her eyes.

Her cheek—there was a soul-lit hue
Mix'd with its fairness through and through,
Like morn on clouds of pearl ;
Her hair—oh, it was auburn dark,
With something of a golden spark,
That lit at times its curl.

Her hand—as gracefully it leant,
So thoughtful seem'd, so eloquent
Its beauty droop'd, as though
Love was its own interpreter,
And breath'd in every pulse of her,
E'en through that hand of snow.

A mind—a manner of her own—
A modesty of look and tone—
Nor cold, nor yet too warm ;
That when she spoke e'en music might
Learn something to its own delight,
And snatch another charm.

THE TALLEYRAND PAPERS.

PART V.

Our drive was delightful over the green turf beneath the arched vista of the old avenue. The rain-drops glittering on every leaf, and the turf, moistened by the shower, after the long drought, sent up a delicious fragrance beneath each pressure of our horses' feet. The prince was alone in his carriage, with his dog Carlo. There was but one person in the whole world whom he ever allowed to take the seat beside him, in his drives, and she was that day absent from Valengay. There was something touching and poetical in the solitary figure as he reclined back, leaning on his cane, not gazing on the landscape, but musing, abstracted and motionless, save that from time to time he would

bend slightly forward, and pat old Carlo fondly on the neck, as if his train of thought had led him into recollections of the long attachment of the faithful animal, contrasting it, perhaps, with the treachery and ingratitude he had met with in man.

In the poetic fervour of the moment I could not help hazarding this supposition to my friend, who laughed heartily at my youthful enthusiasm, but declared that it was never so ill-bestowed, for that it had been subject of astonishment that the Prince was never known to give way, after the fashion of age, to any of those loud and bitter railings against the injustice and ingratitude of mankind, which sometimes render the society of elderly persons liable to the complaint of querulousness and discontent, and yet none had ever perhaps better cause of complaint than he has had.

"The destiny of that man," said C., musingly, and scarcely conscious that he was speaking aloud, "has been a most singular and mysterious one. Each great event of his life might serve as a type of the people among whom it took place, and illustrative of the times in which it could have happened. The history of his childhood alone would serve to paint the epoch. It was one of the latest examples of a style of morals and manners which the great revolution wholly swept away. He was born in Paris in the year 1754. As was usual with families of distinction at that period, a nurse had been provided, who lodged in the hotel for some time previously to the birth of the expected babe, so that immediately on the arrival of the offensive object, she might be at hand to carry it away. This arrangement was most agreeable and convenient. In a little space the mother reappeared, brilliant and gay as ever, amid the circles she had deserted but for a moment. She had to endure at first on the part of her *'essaim d'adorateurs.'* some few tender reproaches upon her cruelty in having deprived her friends of the charm of her society 'for so many centuries'—some few *griouos* remarks upon the *accident* which had caused this absence—and then the event was forgotten by all, even by the lady herself, who resumed, with increased ardour, her gambling and flirtations, while the poor wretched infant abandoned by its natural protectors, and condemned to the care of mercenaries, was left either to vegetate in ignorance and filth, or to die without even having known a single moment of its mother's love.

"Such was the fate of Charles Maurice, the eldest son of the Comte de Talleyrand. Hurried from the paternal home in the very hour of his birth, he was taken into a distant part of the country by a nurse whose trade it was to tend and bring up children *tant bien que mal*, as he himself has often said. Here he remained until he had arrived at the age of seven years. The nurse was regularly paid—her reports of the child were always good—he was her *'cher coco'*—the darling of her heart, 'the bride of the whole country.' He was well in health—he had fresh air and exercise—he wanted neither food nor clothing—what then could the boy require more than all these ! His mother must have answered this question, if ever she put it to herself, most satisfactorily ; for it is certain she kept on the business of her life—the *petit jeu*, the *grand jeu*, the *petit lever*, the *grand lever*—with as much energy and ardour as if no child had ever been. About this time, however, another *'facheux accident'* occurred—the birth of another son. Again was the lady obliged to retire for awhile ; again were her sentimental swains in deep distress. The second son appeared, and, like the first, was full of health and vigour ; like the eldest, cast in the mould of a manly race, with neither spot or blemish. Such had been the will of God—but how was his goodly work perverted ! The poor little newcomer was, like Charles Maurice, despatched to the same village where he still dwelt—revelling in village ignorance and liberty, with no care and no constraint, knowing no master, for he was the young siegneur ; fearing no God, for he himself was the idol of the whole canton. None of his own family had been to see him during the whole of those weary years, and the little brother, whose arrival he now welcomed with such glee, in consideration of sundry boxes of delicious bon-bons, with which the nurse, according to old French custom, returned laden, was the only individual, not only of his race, but also of his own rank and station, whom he had ever seen ! The father was frequently absent at the army for whole years together, in the pursuit of fame ; the mother was entirely absorbed in the duties of the court, and stirred not further from Paris than Versailles. She was steady in pursuit of fortune. Did either of them succeed ? The one died young, obscure in the annals of his house ; the other died old and dependent ; while the poor neglected child lived to make all Europe ring with his renown ; and to found, by his own exertions, one of the most splendid fortunes of the continent ! Thus will Fortune mock at the weak endeavours of poor vain mortals, to work out their own destiny !

Such was the tender care and nursing that beset Charles Maurice, the eldest son of the Comte de Talleyrand Perigord, and the circumstances of his childhood, so far from being remarkable or uncommon, may be taken as an example of the manner in which the nobles of that day fulfilled the first and most solemn duty of the whole existence of man—that of tending and fostering with care the offspring which God has been pleased to bestow. However, all evil must cease in time as well as good, and Providence has granted for our consolation, that as the one must have an end, so shall the other not endure for ever ; and so about three years after the arrival in the village of the little Archambault, his brother Charles Maurice did at length behold the countenance of one of his own kith and kin. The youngest brother of his father, the Bailli de Talleyrand, capitaine des galères, and knight of Malta, had just returned from a cruise. He had been absent from his family for many years, and came with a heart overflowing with love towards his whole kindred ; among whom stood first his brother and his young children.

"He was much grieved at the absence of the children, and immediately declared his intention of proceeding to the village where they had been placed, in order to embrace them before he set sail again, perhaps never to return. It was the depth of winter—the snow lay heavy on the ground—the roads were

dangerous, but *corbleu!*—*morbleu!*—*ventrebleu!* What cared he for danger? and what danger should prevent him from visiting the *petits drôles*, and even from carrying the eldest off to serve with him on board the Saint Joseph, if he found him, as he doubted not he should, full of fire and courage, and willing to assist in rebuilding the fortunes of his family by serving on the seas. He arrived at the village near nightfall and alone, for the roads were so bad that he had been obliged to take horse; and but one having been found in a serviceable condition, his servant had been obliged to stay at the town some miles distant.

The entrance of the brave bailli into that solitary village must have caused quite a sensation; and I have heard that the whole scene has remained graven on the powerful memory of the prince, as though it had occurred but yesterday. He will sometimes recount it to his intimates, and laugh at the singularity of the circumstances; but that laugh, believe me, must be one of bitterness and scorn. No wonder that this man should have felt such strange contempt for his fellow man—no wonder that he should at times have acted as though he fancied that he alone existed in the world.

"Well, just at a turn of the road which led down into the village, the bailli bethought himself that he knew not the way to the house of the Mère Rigaut—the nurse to whom he had been directed—and he checked his steed to gaze around and see if any one was in view who could assist him. While he thus paused, there came hobbling up the hill a pale, delicate-looking boy, with long ringlets of very fair hair, hanging loose over his shoulders, and an indescribable look of gentility, which the bailli perceived at once—at least he always said so in after years. He carried a bird-trap in his hand, for he was just going out to seek for larks among the snow. The bailli called to him to come on faster; but, alas! as he drew near he perceived that he was very lame, and that he bore a little crutch, which, however, he did not always use, but would sometimes walk several steps without its aid, and flourish it before him as if in defiance, until a roughness in the road, or a loose stone, compelled him to place it again beneath his arm.

"Hallo, *mon garçon!*" shouted the bailli, "will you tell me the way to the house of the Mère Rigaut?"

"That I will," cried the boy, eyeing the bailli askance and smiling slyly; "and, moreover, I will conduct you thither, if you will give me—"

"Ay, ay," said the bailli, "never fear; but make haste, child, the wind blows cold and sharp, and you shall have no cause to complain of my want of generosity."

"Nay, nay," replied the boy, colouring, "I meant to have asked but for a ride on your steed to Mother Rigaut's door."

"And as the child spoke, he looked with envy at the rough post-horse, which, all unkempt and shaggy as he was, appeared far superior to the rude animals employed in plough or cart—the only ones ever seen in that distant village.

"Is that all?" said the good-natured bailli, "then come along—mount—quick, my lad—there—jump up in the twinkling of an eye."

The boy, lame as he was, sprang into the saddle, but the portly person of the bailli prevented him from taking a safe seat, so he leaned his little crutch upon the toe of the bailli's boot, and grappled the horse's mane with a firm grasp, almost standing upright; while the bailli, heedless of his perilous situation, trotted over the rough stones of the village pavement, the bells at the horse's bridle jingling merrily, and the loud laugh—half fear, half delight—of the bold urchin echoing far and near. Of course the whole village was aroused in an instant, and the astonishment was great at beholding Mother Rigaut's "Charlot" trotting down the street upon a strange gentleman's steed, his long fair hair blown about by the wind, and his face shining and glowing amid the golden masses of silken curls which fell over it.

The bailli stopped at Mother Rigaut's door, but so little was he prepared to meet the truth, that he bade the boy, with whom he seemed mightily pleased, hold the horse while he entered the house to speak to the good woman, who was already standing on the threshold, all smiles and courtesies, to welcome the strange gentleman. The bailli entered and closed the door after him. What passed within none can tell. It must have been an extraordinary scene, for the sound of voices in high dispute was heard for some minutes—a sound of sobbing and of wailing, and of loud expostulation; and presently the bailli was seen to burst from the cottage, and to rush upon the boy, and to hug and embrace him with transports of affection; then all pale and trembling with emotion, he waved back with his riding-whip the advances of Mère Rigaut, who was pressing forward to clasp the child in her arms, and seizing him in a sturdy grasp he threw him on the saddle, and sprang up after him. But this time he allowed him room enough to ride at ease, and bade him sit in comfort, and then he placed his brawny arm round the boy's middle with solicitude, to keep him firm upon the saddle, and putting spurs to the capering post-horse, he dashed out of the village without even asking news of any other child, or suffering the boy to take a last farewell of the Mère Rigaut, who followed him with shrieks and lamentations until he was lost to sight.

It was not till they had arrived at the little town, distant about two leagues from the village wherein Charles Maurice de Talleyrand—Mother Rigaut's "Charlot"—had passed these first twelve years of his eventful life, and which he was destined to behold no more—that he was informed that the strange gentleman who had carried him off so abruptly, and in such a storm of indignation, that he had not even stayed to see the little Archambaut, was his own uncle, the Bailli de Talleyrand, his father's brave and loving brother, whose generous heart had glowed with indignation at sight of the unheeded state in which the poor child had been left, crippled for life through the awkwardness of the ignorant nurse, that without hesitation, without permission, he had torn him from his misery, and although greatly disappointed in the hope he had conceived of being able to take him on board of the ship he commanded in consequence of his infirmity, yet he would not suffer him to remain a moment longer abandoned to the ignorant kindness of which he had so long been a victim.

As he was compelled to delay his return to Paris for some little time, he immediately wrote to the count, to inform him of the circumstances in which he had found his nephew Charles Maurice, and his intention of bringing him at once to Paris. The letter reached its destination some days before the worthy bailli, accompanied by his young charge, drove into the courtyard of the hotel where the Comte de Talleyrand resided. Here, to his great mortification, he found that the count was absent with the *armée de Flandre*; the countess was also absent on duty at the palace, it being her *semaine de service*, and not for worlds would she neglect her duty. She had, however, with an affectionate prevoyance, worthy of the greatest praise, appointed a gentleman to receive the boy from the hands of the bailli—a professor, who was to be his tutor at the college Louis le Grand, whither he was immediately to conduct his pupil, arrangements having already been made for his reception. The bailli signed as he consigned the lad to the care of another stranger, and taking an

affectionate farewell—which was his last—immediately set off for Toulon, where he embarked, and was drowned at sea some few months afterwards.

"Had the worthy bailli lived, the destiny of Charles Maurice would have been far different, and the fate of Europe have been changed. He would have found protection and support in his own family—in one of its members at least—and they would not have dared to wreak upon his head that deadly wrong, which changed the whole current of his existence, and compelled him to struggle and to toil, for that which was by right his own. However, bad as matters were, they certainly might have been worse, for the gentleman to whose care Charles Maurice was confided, was at all events a kind and liberal person, and soon became greatly attached to his pupil. I have frequently seen him at the Hotel Talleyrand, even so lately as the year 1828. He was but a very few years older than the prince, and it was like a dream of other days to hear the ancient pupil and his more ancient tutor discourse for hours together of those early times, so long gone by, and of their friends and companions, all with very few exceptions, long since buried in the grave. I have often thought that it must have been greatly owing to the society and counsels of this most excellent man that the prince must have owed the softness and humanity of his character, which even his enemies, amid all their absurd accusations, have never been able to deny.

"I have heard the prince even very lately, speak of *ce cher Père Langlois*, as one of the most benevolent and pure-minded of men, and his friendship and affection for him knew no change through all the vicissitudes of fortune, or the changes in politics. The prince, I believe, allowed him a very handsome income up to the day of his death; but this circumstance did not prevent him from sometimes indulging his quondam pupil with a few gentle remonstrances and *réprésentations*, whenever, by any misplaced word, or ill-timed reflection, he wounded the old professor's prejudices; and it was a most curious sight to witness the deference with which his observations would be met on the part of the prince, who, so strong was the power of old association, bowed his mighty intellect, and submitted to the reprimands of the obscure and dependent professor. I have often been present at his visits, and always took most especial delight in witnessing the kindly feeling, the true affection which existed between the pair. Mr. Langlois still wore in 1828 the costume he had worn before the revolution, when, as professor of rhetoric at the college of Louis le Grand, he had undertaken the care and education of the poor neglected boy from the distant village in Perigord—a long-skirted black coat, without a collar, and buttoned up to the chin, black knee breeches and silk stockings, with large shoes and bright plated knee buckles. His coiffure was in *ailes de pigeons*, with a long and goodly queue, well powdered; the large, flat snuff-box which he drew from the vasty deep of his ample pocket, and the brown chequered handkerchief which he used with a flourish and a loud report, brought back to memory at once the whole herd of *savans crasseux* of the eighteenth century.

"Well, to return to my tale. At the college Charles Maurice devoted himself most manfully to study. This is proved by the fact of his having obtained, the second year of his admission, the first prize of his class, although competition must have been hard with boys who had been in the college for many years, while he had been running wild and barefoot among the plains of Perigord. Three years passed away cheerily enough at the college. His life of study had, however, but little variety, for he was during that time one of the unfavoured few who were compelled by the arrangements of their parents to remain at the college during the short vacation. His mother came but seldom to visit him and never came alone. She was mostly accompanied by an eminent surgeon of Paris who visited the child's leg, and bandaged it and dragged it out to force it to match in length with the other, and burnt and cauterised the offending nerve until the poor child was taught to dread with fearful terror the summons to the *parloir*, and the announcement that *madame sa mère* was awaiting him there. I have often heard him tell of the agony of these visits, and of the disappointment he experienced upon seeing all his playmates depart to their various homes for the holidays, but I never heard him utter a single complaint or condemnation of his mother's conduct.

It was at this time that his father died from the consequences of an old wound received in a skirmish some years before, and Charles Maurice was now the Comte de Talleyrand, and head of that branch of the family to which he belonged. Meanwhile the younger son, Archambaut, had likewise returned from his most refined and tender nursing; but he had had the better chance; his limbs were sound and well developed, as God had made them. No direful accident, the consequence of foul neglect, had marred his shape or tarnished his comeliness. So one fine day, and as a natural consequence, mark you, of this fortunate circumstance, when Charles Maurice, the *eldest* son, had finished his course of study at Louis le Grand, having passed through his classes with great *éclat*, there came a tall, sallow, black robed priest, and took him away from the midst of friends to the grim old *seminaire* of Saint Sulpice, and it was there that he received the astounding intimation from the lips of the superior himself, that by the decision of a *conseil de famille*, from which there was no appeal, his birthright had been taken from him and transferred to his younger brother.

"Why so?" faltered the boy, unable to conceal his emotion.

"He is not a cripple," was the stern and cruel answer.

"It must have been that hour—nay, that very instant—the echo of those heartless words—which made the Prince de Talleyrand what he is even to this day. Who shall tell the bitter throes of that bold, strong-hearted youth as he heard the unjust sentence? Was it defiance and despair, the gift of hell, or resignation the blessed boon of Heaven, which caused him to suffer the coarse, black robe to be thrown at once above his college uniform, without a cry, without a murmur? None will ever be able to divine what his feelings were, for this one incident is always passed over by the prince. He never refers to it, even when in familiar conversation with his most loved intimates.—Therefore it is certain that the single hour of which I speak, bore with it a whole life of bitterness and agony.

"It is evident, as usual with him throughout his whole life, that his decision however was taken on the instant. He murmured not—he sued not for commutation of the hateful sentence. He knew that it would be in vain. He even sought at once to conform, outwardly at least, to all the tedium of the endless rules and regulations with which the house was governed; but his whole character was changed—his very nature was warped and blasted—Whatever historians may write, and credulous readers choose to believe, he was not a 'silent, solitary boy, loving to muse while his comrades played around him,' as I have seen it written in a recent account of his life. Just the contrary. While at Louis le Grand he was remarkable for his skill and dexterity at all kinds of games requiring either fleetness of foot or strength of limb; which fact was so extraordinary from his infirmity, that the tradition has been preserved in the college. He was strong and hardy in spite of his lameness.

This he owed to the fresh air and free exercise he had enjoyed in his early childhood. His temper was mild and tractable, and, when attacked, his only weapon of defence was his tongue. His sharp, quick speech became indeed the terror of his comrades. Even then he had learnt that the art of governing others consisted merely in self-command. What a pity that some of his juvenile *bon mots* have not been preserved; they must have been delightful; the very sap and freshness of his mental vigour.

"At Louis le Grand he had been surrounded by the bold, ambitious spirits of the rising generation of that day, boys of all classes of society, all animated with the same eager desire for distinction, and each in his degree with the same thirst for glory. Even these children were awaking to the conviction that a new light was about to break upon the world, that the triumph of mind over matter was nigh at hand, and that the power of brute force must yield at length to the mightier power of intellect. A discontented spirit had gone forth, and even walked abroad into the very nurseries throughout the land. The days were gone when the boys of noble blood sat down to table first and were served by the urchin *roturiers*, their fellow students. At board, in class, or at play, the sons of the noble and the lowly, of the wealthy and the poor, were now jostled together. The high-born dunce, who was at college merely to while away the useless years between the epoch of actual childhood and that of his admission (still a child) into the army, no longer took precedence of the plebeian boy who was toiling and striving to acquire knowledge, even though it might have been the credit of the former which obtained the admission of the latter into the college.

"In this struggle the talents and quickness of young Talleyrand had shone conspicuously. His position upon his first entrance at the college had been most undefined and false. He had arrived from Perigord wild and untutored, ignorant of the simplest social tradition of the *noblesse*; therefore had he no place or influence among the nobles; while without wealth, or any of the dazzling appurtenances of his rank at command, he could scarcely be expected to have sway with the *roturiers*; and yet before the first half year had passed away he was found to be the prime mover and counsel of both factions by the power of his intellect alone. These are facts which are still in the memory of some few of the prince's old associates, and show how early that grasping mind, which was destined to govern those who governed the world itself, began to assert its dominion and to exercise its powers.—[To be Continued.]

THE NEVILLES OF GARRETTSTOWN—A TALE OF 1760.

BY HARRY LOREQUEUR, AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—EMBELLISHMENTS OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies this fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper; how thirty, at least, he fought with; what words, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest."

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

The whole assembly was moved as Lord Aylmer entered. Old and young, ladies as well as gentlemen, rose to receive him.

"Lord Aylmer," cried he, "come to return thanks for kind inquiries, and to bid his good friends one more good night."

So he spoke, as he was on all sides saluted by affectionate greetings. When he passed through one circle, it was only to enter another; all had congratulations to offer, and for every one he had a suitable, and often a spirited, reply.

As soon as a brief pause was allowed from such courtesies, and the play of wit or fancy implied in them, Lord Aylmer took Mr. Derinzy apart, and asked him to point out the claimant to the Neville estates.

"Yes," said he, as his eye rested on the youth—"if there be evidence for a jury as convincing as nature has supplied, we shall have a good case."

"For the present, remember, his name is Carleton."

And, as Mr. Carleton, Neville was presented to Lord Aylmer, and was received by him with an encouraging pressure of the hand, as the son of an old acquaintance.

By acclamation, the cheerful old nobleman was solicited to do the honours of the supper. He accepted the invitation, and conducted an octogenarian countess to the head of the table, with a deferential vivacity, which, if it called forth a good-humoured smile on some countenances, was so graceful and gracious, that it nowhere provoked derision. The reports of the day said, that he acquitted himself as master of the feast with his accustomed spirit and urbanity. And, by the way, it may be observed, that it requires a talent of no common order to earn high praise by the discharge of such a duty: indeed the instances are numerous in which no exertion is made to deserve it. In general, the provider of an entertainment, even of a dinner when on a large scale, and not large enough for speech-making, leaves the success of his party dependent on his cook, and on the disposition of his guests, who, as chance or choice has grouped them, prosecute their by-conversations without any idea that the whole company might possibly join in one concert. Sometimes things are ordered better—the power of one mind diffuses itself over the whole affair, and gives a unity to it. This one mind, being, as it were, in sympathy with every other, brings all into correspondence—none are strangers, where all have a common friend. Lord Aylmer had a mind of this order. Experience and knowledge of the world supplied him with tact and topics, and the habits of the time were such as materially facilitated his endeavours. Authorized by his place, and by numerous official precedents, he would call on a lady to favour the company with what was called "a sentiment," and then require of some gentleman to compliment the fair speaker on the merit of her expression—he would beg a lady to name some great man of ancient times, whose character or successes she held in honour or dis-esteem, and then lay his command on a gentleman to cite a parallel in modern history. Sometimes he would invert this order. Such diversions were frequent at the convivial parties of Ireland in the last century, and were by no means so insipid as might be imagined. Historical events, poetical quotations, public characters, authors, legislators, soldiers, of all times, were thus called up to grace the banquet; and, attended on by comments of Irish wit and humour, and even blunders—amid murmurs of approbation, or shouts of laughter—gave a character to the entertainment, which has been less the subject of notice than it merited.

"If you insist on my naming a great general, Lord Aylmer," said a young lady, who seemed deservedly in very high favour, "you must command Mr. Prendergast to follow me."

"Agreed—Mr. Prendergast will be only too happy to obey you."

Attention was fixed on the lady and Mr. Prendergast. This gentleman was a decided Tory, who was principally known in his old age (he had now approached his eightieth year) for stories of which he was himself generally the

hero, and in which he represented himself as having surpassed all that was great and daring in all ages of the world. Miss — often provoked him to an amicable contest, and every ear was intent on the species of challenge she was now about to give him. All was silence—

"John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, match him among the great men of old!"

"Judas Iscariot," cried the old Jacobite, as if uttering the most indifferent and the most natural response.

"Judas Iscariot! Gracious! Mr. Prendergast, what do you find in him to resemble the illustrious duke?"

"Judas was a thief, ma'am, and carried the bag; and if he had not the merit of Marlborough in winning battles and ridding his country of enemies, he had the grace which Marlborough had not—to rid the world of himself."

"A forfeit, a forfeit—Judas was no general. Miss —, lay your commands on Prendy."

"My commands are, that Mr. Prendergast shall relate a story of something remarkable, of which he has himself been a witness."

"Too happy to obey, ma'am, as Lord Aylmer declares for me. I shall relate an incident in which I was not only a witness—an eye-witness, I may say, for it was the incident in which I lost this right eye—but, as I need scarcely add, a sufferer too."

"There are not many now living who are old enough to remember the time when I first left Ireland. Some few will bear in mind that I gave a little trouble in high quarters. However, I found friends in Galway, and they made friends for me in Spain, where I took with me my pedigree, properly witnessed, and was soon commander of a troop in his Catholic Majesty's service."

"One day I was at mass in the great church of Barcelona. Mrs. Barnewell, I beg you to understand that in an act like this, I did not think myself expressing an opinion on your religion. A soldier's religion, ma'am is honour, and his altar-piece the colours of his regiment. I followed my standard into the church, as I would any where—yes, any where else, where its bearer was commanded to plant it. Well, we were all drawn up in military order, standing at ease in the aisle of the church, as the services were proceeding, when I saw three men come in, not looking in the least like Spaniards, either in their manner or their dress. The one that struck me most was dressed evidently in the French style—peach-coloured coat, and long embroidered waistcoat, polished steel-hilted sword, with a black velvet hat of a flat shape, very like the form of yours, ma'am, (addressing himself to a lady,) with a profusion of white plumes, in his hand. There was no denying that they seemed to think themselves at home—such easy indifference and effrontery I never saw in all my life, and it was quite clear to me that the congregation were much offended by it. It is an advice I would give to all of you young gentlemen, and young ladies, too—to behave yourselves respectfully in any place of worship. No such good advice had been taken by the French party I speak of—you shall hear the result."

"There was in the church a monstrous head, standing on a pedestal under the organ loft, and opposite the principal altar. At a particular part of the service, the mouth of this frightful thing opened, and out came a tongue, flaming red, and of prodigious magnitude. I could never satisfy myself as to the meaning of this figure, but the explanation I could imagine was, that it commemorated the crime of a Saracen or Moor, who had received the sacrament, with a sinful intent, and after his head was cut off, was constrained to thrust out his tongue, until the archbishop of Tarragona took off the host from it. You'll pardon me, Mrs. Barnwell, I take this from the stories current among the people."

"When the pantomime of the Saracen's head took place, on the day I speak of, one of the French party was looking towards it. He touched the arms of the others, and all three turned round to gaze. It was indeed far from solemn, the long large tongue thrust out and drawn in repeatedly—the goggling eyes turned round in the head, and the hair standing up on end. In another place it might be permitted to laugh, but not in the church of Barcelona. The irreverent party cared little about the church—all three burst out into a most indecorous shout. Oh, Colonel, if you had seen the Spaniards—they did not like the thing, women, men, students; then you could see the secret wealth of these people, and that, whatever else they may have wanted, there was none of them without a knife."

"I value myself on my presence of mind—an excellent quality, young gentlemen, for getting through life. Had I required even an instant for thought, the bodies of the offenders would have been cut into shreds, not bigger than this crumb. I kept them whole—I kept life in them. 'Gentlemen,' cried I, 'you are my prisoners! Arrest them,' cried I to my men. A word, then, to a canon, who was my particular friend, (I dealt with him for my billets de confession,) and he addressed the people, warning them not to commit sacrilege in the Church of St. James, assuring them that justice should be done."

"We marched our prisoners to the guard-house; and who do you think they were! No less than Philip Duke of Orleans, travelling incog, with two of his favoured attendants."

"What was the duke's travelling name, Mr. Prendergast?"

"That, ma'am, I am bound not to reveal. A promise, you know, is sacred."

"By my interest with the ecclesiastics and magistrates, I got the duke out of his difficulty, and had opportunities of many conversations with him; in short, we became intimate—he called me 'Prend,' and insisted that I should style him, when we were alone, Philip, or plain Phil."

A smile wandered round the faces of the company, but it was a beam all unregarded by the story-teller.

"I am an old man, and have seen and done a little in the world—my advice is worth something, and the advice I would give young gentlemen would be, never to forget the respect due to rank and station. If I were to begin life again, and a prince gave me such encouragement, I would not act upon it; he might step down from his elevation, but I would not forget who he was, and I would show that I did not forget it. I might be Prendergast or Prend, with him; but in my lips he should still be prince. This is a little remark which you will forgive me for making."

"When we were on such terms as these, you will not wonder that the duke affected to admit me to his secret confidence. He was on a mission of politics and gallantry. The queen's love, and the king's crown, no less, were objects of the duke's ambition; but he took good care not to make me acquainted with these designs. He saw clearly enough that I was not the man to betray the sovereign in whose service I drew the sword. I thought I knew all his purposes, when I understood that in his incognito capacity he wanted favourable access to the court—that there was a lady in the case—and that he had a mis-

sion to effect a secret treaty between the monarchies of Spain and France. My warm co-operation was secured (I may confess it now), by being assured, that one who shall be nameless was to benefit by the duke's intrigue."

"Which, Mr. Prendergast?"

"Fie, sir, the political of course. Well, I had it in my power to serve the duke, and I did. You have all, no doubt, heard of the hermitages on Montserrat—the chapel of the convent at the foot of the hill, exceeds everything I have seen yet, for richness and splendour—and the hermitages are the very coziest things to be seen in all the world. There are thirteen of them at different stages in the ascent of the hill—each has its little chapel, fountain, and garden, and the hermit lives there, as much at his ease as man can be. Provisions are taken to each—and I give you my word, comforts and delicacies of no common kind are among them—by a mule, laden at the convent below, which stops at each door, is relieved of the portion to be deposited there, and so makes his rounds as regularly as if he were the well-trained servant of an inn-keeper."

"Now, all these hermits are gentlemen, many of them grandes, who have retired from the world, to live at ease, and alone, upon this beautiful mountain. One of them was my close friend—he was of Irish extraction—had been very much concerned in public affairs, and was still often consulted from the Escorial."

"I procured a recommendation from him for the duke in his assumed name, but took good care that he should know who he really was. For this I obtained full permission. Well—I thought my part was done. I was walking one evening by the shore, thinking upon the land I had left, and building castles in Spain, as the French call them, about what might take place, if the scheme to be carried out at Madrid was successful—when I felt a rough tap on the shoulder, and turning sharp round, there was the duke laughing at my amazement. 'It won't do, Prendy,' said he, 'I can't go on without you—you must be my companion and counsellor at Madrid—here is your *conge*, you are free for six months—let me and my designs have the benefit of some of them.'

"Fact, ladies—fact. It was all true, as his royal highness affirmed—and this, I can assure you, was not always the case. Well, we proceeded to Madrid, I had some opportunities of distinguishing myself there, and have left a name, not written, I can tell you, on water. One evening, I was walking on the Prado, admiring, as every body of taste must admire, the bright eyes, that permitted themselves now and then to flash out upon you; the ladies there have a way of throwing up their veils—I never saw a thing more dexterous—up it goes for an instant, and then, all is dark as before."

"Eh, Prendy, do you think Shakspeare had this in his mind, when he wrote of the lightning, that

In a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man has time to say, behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up?

I suppose many of your fine Spanish faces had heaven and earth, or, perhaps, something worse in them?"

"It is not easy to describe what they had—but, as I was saying, I was on the Prado on a fine still evening, all the grandes were out, some in their coaches—some were taking the air more agreeably—ladies with masks over their faces, and fans in their hands—Spanish dolls, in their black mantles, and plumed hats—here and there guitars tinkling, and gay couples, with castanets, dancing—you could not well say whether for their own amusement, or that of the spectators. All of a sudden, there was a long, loud roar; no living creature, or contrivance of art, could imagine it—nothing but a wild bull of Andalusia could let loose so terrible a sound. Another came, nearer—then was the confusion. In sprang a monster, in comparison of him, the fiercest you ever saw was mild. Horses, at a mad race, hurry off the lumbering old coaches—which was useless—that terrible roar did the coachman's business better than it was ever done before—the screams of the ladies were awful, as they ran in helpless disorder from the monster, now evidently in pursuit. I deliberated for a moment what was to be done. I wore a rapier and dagger, and was therefore quite at ease for myself—but could I take such a liberty as to kill a beast, designed, as I knew he was, for the next bull-fight, and expected to furnish the best entertainment that had been remembered. While I was deliberating, he rushed towards me, I drew my dagger, and stood to receive him. The monster bounded forward, and then came to a halt within two paces of me. I looked him full in the eyes. He looked at me. The instinct of brute creatures is amazing. He saw that in me he would find his match."

Here looks were interchanged around the table, and occasionally turned slyly towards the speaker—in no other form was the incredulity of the company manifested; all governed themselves, not to interfere with, or prevent, the catastrophe. Mr. Prendergast continued:

"Old age has much to answer for. Do you know, Colonel Longueville, I sometimes doubt whether I was the man who performed the feats that I did many years ago. All I can say, ladies, is, that it is not to these weak arms, (and he held forth, with a coquettish smile, the wretchedly emaciated members,) 'you are to ascribe the little feat of strength I am to have the honour of relating to you.'

"The beast as I told you, when he met my eye, paused for an instant, and then turned sharply away to pursue the crowd. It happened that a lady, in her fright, had fallen directly in his way. His roar, when he saw the victim, was more terrible than ever I heard before. In an instant she would have been, beyond the possibility of salvation, gored to death. Before that instant was ended, she was safe. I sprang forward. With my left-hand I seized the forefoot of the monster, a horn of his stooped head with my right. I would recommend any of you, young gentlemen, who may attempt a feat like this, to place your left-hand undermost—when I say left, I merely intend to say, the hand you have least command of—let your better hand be on the horn, it gives you more power, 'tis handier, as the tradesmen say—and when you secure the beast's leg, lift it off the ground, and press tightly with your thumb, just at the place where the hoof and sensitive part join."

Having spoken thus, with a grave and self-satisfied air, he continued:

"The moment he felt himself seized, he felt that he was mastered—the beast actually trembled, and, such was the force I pressed his leg with, that he acknowledged it with a moan, rather than a roar, of pain. There I held him, for a time, and called to the lady, in a gentle voice, in Spanish, beseeching her to rise—she heard me, and as she rose put aside her mask, and gave me my reward in one sweet look. Ah! the days of youth come not again! Well, when I had, as I thought reduced my beast to order, I sprang upon him, sat on his neck, and guided him as I pleased. If he were at all sulky, or outrageous, I just pressed my knees close on his throat; that soon subdued him—and when the keepers, armed to make him their prisoner again, came, they found me seated on his neck, and guiding him, at my will, about the Prado."

The audacity of this prodigious romance had an effect upon the hearers

scarcely less astounding, than the force of the narrator was represented to have produced upon the beast. It was too much for laughter. Mr. Prendergast proceeded:

"I paid dearly for my success. At first, it made me very happy—suffering came afterwards."

"When I opened my eyes next morning, an old duenna was at my bedside; she was, I need not tell you, merely an emissary from one higher than herself, and handsomer, and younger. Ladies, I must be excused for leaving my life for the next few weeks a mystery. It was so while it passed, and it ought to be so now. If there is one thing I especially detest, it is the character of a boaster."

"What a self-tormentor the man must be," muttered a voice. Prendergast heeded it not. He continued:

"For some time Orleans caused me much annoyance by his cynical and sarcastic observations. I am sorry to say, he had not the deep respect which becomes a man, for female character."

"One evening he was more than commonly bitter. He spoke of women in such a manner as I should have felt it my duty to punish, but I thought he had been disappointed, and pitied him. I thought him plotting for one to whom I was devoted, and I bore with him. At last he became personal—

"'You,' said the duke, 'Prendy, think yourself a happy man—you believe yourself loved; and if ever man had entitled himself to a woman's regard, you are the man. Well, what will you say? only spoil that face of yours,'" (and Prendergast simpered before the astonished company,) "'and I predict that your real merits will all be forgotten,' and you will be put aside for any handsomer fool that may think it worth while to supersede you."

"We talked for and against this whimsical idea; and, at last, says Orleans—

"Come, I'll put the thing to the trial. Cover that wicked right eye of yours with a patch. Say you have lost the eye—lost it in any interesting exploit you choose to invent—lost it as a result from a hurt given you by that fell beast, when you offered your life to save your love's. Well, I wager you a thousand crowns—as much as any man should lose for any woman—ladies, I ask pardon, I am not talking my own sentiments, but it is a satisfaction to know the vileness of his—I wager you a thousand crowns that she discards you."

"I suffered myself to be persuaded; the patch was prepared; his favourite attendant applied it. I felt rather uncomfortable, but was resolved to make the experiment. I was triumphant.

"'If ever true love blessed a happy man,' cried I, as I returned from a touching interview, 'I may rejoice in it.'

"A second trial was to be made, according to agreement, but it never was made. That night I was in a burning fever. For six weeks I was in a state that an enemy might pity. At length, the unparalleled strength of my constitution prevailed, and when I awoke to consciousness, the first news I learned was that of Philip the Fifth's abdication.

"You may ask, what has this to do with my story? Much—every thing. The lady I saved in the Prado was the Queen of Spain. Innocently, by this service, I became the instrument of disappointing Orleans. He knew, though I did not at the time, my high fortune. He heard me praised—he felt himself repulsed.

"She speaks of his eyes," said he; "I'll kill him through them."

"And so he nearly did. He prepared a poison—you know he practised much as a chemist—so deadly, that it was thought nothing mortal could resist it. My constitution of iron did; but while I was in the lowest state, even supposed to be dead, a report of the whole transaction reached the poor queen. She heard I was dead, and in her first passionate agony disclosed all to her royal husband. Many a cause is assigned for their abdication, but I tell you the secret truth—grief for the supposed death of a poor Irish gentleman was the cause. When I recovered, the king's confessor came to me with an expression of the royal will, that I should depart from Spain. The queen had become reconciled to his majesty; but, if she knew I was alive her affection would return. I agreed. On the day when I was to leave Madrid, I received a second message. Wealth, untold wealth, was proffered me. Honour said 'Reject it,' and so said Paul Despard Prendergast.

"All I ask," said I, "is a picture."

"A picture was promised; but, to the disgrace of crowned heads, I never have received it."

Thanks, and expressions of mock condolence, followed this recital. Prendergast received them with the affectation of disclaiming, and afforded as much amusement by his mock humility as by his daring narrative.

"Are you quite sure, Mr. Prendergast, that your fever was not of longer continuance than six weeks?" said Lord Aylmer. "History places a much longer interval between the plots of the Duke of Orleans in Spain and the abdication of Philip."

"Then I can tell your lordship that history makes very free with the facts of the case. It is an old adage, that paper does not blush. If it could, there would be few histories not written in red letters."

"Like some faces that I know of," whispered a lady.

While this little by-play was continued, a card was placed before Lord Aylmer, from which he read aloud:

"The Vice has called on Captain St. George to sing. He declines. Apoint him a commutation of punishment."

There was added in Italian: "Marlborough and Judas have each found a champion. A duel will ensue if there is not some interruption to the preliminary snarling."

"A story," exclaimed Lord Aylmer. "It must be good if we tolerate it after what we have heard."

"I can but do my best," said St. George; and to the amazement of the company, he began, having previously closed one of his eyes, to repeat the story which had just been narrated.

It was difficult to imagine two appearances more unlike than those of the two speakers—the one a very diminutive old man, with shrunken limbs, treble voice, and face where all the blood in his body seemed contracted and fixed—a face that looked like a large pimple with spots on it, to which the one remaining eye gave scarcely more light than the space where an eye had been extinguished—the other, St. George, a man of stature towering even among men of superior size, of great strength, and very athletic proportions; yet, by the magic of mimicry, he contrived to make himself a double, seemingly, of his predecessor, and went through, as an incident of his own life, Prendergast's story. Over those parts of the story in which there might have been truth he past lightly; but he had retained most vindictively every thing which belonged to the paragraphs of boasting; and in those parts, the seeming simplicity and unconsciousness with which he made allusions to his personal excellencies or defects, appealed to the ladies, submitted himself to their judgment, or deprecated

their severity, had an indescribable effect upon the hearers. The bewilderment of Prendergast heightened the effect. At first he seemed vexed and astonished; gradually he seemed to become interested in the story, as the company affected a serious interest. Again he became perplexed and agitated; and at last, rising from the table, he muttered to himself as he retired—

"Very strange—unaccountable—I thought it was to myself all this had happened."

St. George had provided a conclusion for his story, which brought into prominence a curious characteristic of the times.

"Such," said he, still in the voice of Prendergast, "was the opinion I formed of crowned heads in general, and of the king of Spain in particular. But I was to be undeceived. The confessor of royalty, who was my physician, nurse and friend, through the terrible illness in which I lost my eye, was an Irishman. With the royal commands he had gone in search of me. To revisit his early home and his connections, he had given up the splendour of a court, and has come to settle himself in old Ireland. Here he has lived for ten years—in this very neighbourhood; but the alteration in my poor appearance effectually concealed me from him until this very day. As I was tottering down the street, to confront the infuriate oxen, which so alarmed the town, and muttering to myself that I was not as formerly; but if I had not the arm which held a furious monster on the Prado, I had at least one of the eyes which awed him; I suppose something in my manner caught the attention of the good priest, who was at the moment passing. In a word, he recognised me. The picture entrusted to him by his Catholic majesty, with an inscription which it would not become me to repeat, set round with brilliants of inestimable value, is now in my cabinet; and the good priest—do you wish to know him? He is Father Fitzpatrick, of New Chapel."

"And now," cried he, in his own voice and manner, for the epilogue—"this good priest is in want of a chapel. The rain comes in upon his congregation—even on himself at the altar, while he is engaged in prayer. Who will refuse to serve a worthy man; the laws are harsh against him and his people; we cannot change them; we ought not, perhaps, to wish them changed; but we may mitigate against their severity. Who will contribute to Father Fitzpatrick's chapel?" and returning to the manner and tone of Prendergast, "Every one who contributes as he ought, shall have the privilege of looking upon the exquisite miniature of the queen of Spain."

The plate went round, and so did the ready laugh; and in the course of a few minutes a very large sum of money, as the contributions of the company, rewarded the humorous enterprise.

Such was Ireland in those days—such the inconsistencies in the conduct of men who boldly took upon themselves the odium of the penal code, and who, without ever obtaining or seeking credit for the interposition, neutralized the effect of severe laws by the charities of social usage.

Before the assembly broke up, arrangements had been made between Lord Aylmer and Mr. Denizy for further consideration of the "Neville case," and Aylmer Castle was appointed a place of rendezvous.

But this tryste was not to be the last event of the night. It would seem as if Ireland would parade all her resources for producing excitement before young Neville, (or Carleton, as we should call him,) immediately on his arrival. A procession, with its characteristic incidents, graced the morning—evening ushered in a lively ball; but the most exciting of his country's displays—her most passionate welcome—was reserved for midnight.

The gay assembly was separating, ladies submitting to the process of having their outward drapery adjusted, gallants whispering compliments and farewells—sad, or fond, or jocular—when sounds of affright and disorder broke in so impetuously upon them, that every group into which the company was broken up, was suddenly hushed into motionless and listening silence. The sounds were soon followed by disorderly supplicants for mercy and succour. A moment's altercation there was between servants in attendance at the outer gate, and crowds, in the energy of fright, forcing their way through all resistance; and presently, the ball-room was invaded by groups of women and old men, all clamorously imploring assistance, and crying out, "that the town was never so massacred and murdered since the terrible times of Cromwell." Tumult abroad corroborated these impassioned asseverations, and, speedily, the trampling of horses, and the clattering of military accoutrements, with occasionally a trumpet's call, and, sometimes, in a voice of authority, a short, brief command, as a troop of horse rode by, gave notice of riot and disorder, if not of fierce and deadly conflict.

For a moment there was a stillness, that might have been taken for irresolution, in the ball-room, but the moment it endured was very brief. Looks were interchanged between the male part of the assembly, which were instantaneously understood. In a shorter time than it has taken to record this incident, a score or two of gentlemen, in the costume of the dance, had laid embargo on the horses led or mounted at the gate, and were hastening to the scene of tumult; while those who remained, had put themselves in a condition to defend, if necessary, the ladies confided to their protection.

THE LAST OF THE KNIGHTS.

DON JOHN AND THE HERETICS OF FLANDERS.—(Concluded.)

Having made out without much difficulty, the chamber occupied by the Spanish captain, in a tower of the citadel overlooking the valley of the Sambre, there was some excuse for preventing his early rest with a view to the morrow's exercises, in the plea of news from Madrid.

But as the Italian anticipated, ere he had half disburdened his budget of Escurial gossip, Nignio de Zuniga had his own grievances to confide. Uppermost in his mind, was the irritation of having been employed that morning in a cow-hunt; and from executions on the name of the old woman, enriched with all the blasphemies of a trooper's vocabulary,—it was no difficult matter to glide to the general misdemeanours and malfeasances of the sex. For Gabriel Nignio was a man of iron,—bred in camps, with as little of the milk of human kindness in his nature as his royal master King Philip; and it was his devout conviction, that no petticoat should be allowed within ten leagues of any Christian encampment,—and that women were inflicted upon this nether earth, solely for the abasement and contamination of the nobler sex.

"As if that accursed Frenchwoman, and the nest of jays, her maids of honour, were not enough for the penance of an unhappy sinner for the space of a calendar year!"—cried he, still harping upon the old woman.

"The visit of Queen Margaret must indeed have put you to some trouble and confusion," observed Gonzaga carelessly. "From as much as is apparent of your householding, I can scarce imagine how you managed to bestow so courtly a dame here in honour; or with what pastimes you managed to entertain her."

"The sequins of Lepanto and piastras of his holiness were not yet quite exhausted," replied Nignio. "Even the Namurrois came down handsomely."

The sister of two French kings, and sister-in-law of the Duke of Lorraine, was a person for even the thick-skulled Walloons to respect. It was not *money* that was wanting—it was patience. O, these Parisians! Make me monkey-keeper, blessed Virgin, to the beast garden of the Escorial; but spare me for the rest of my days the honour of being seneschal to the finikin household of a queen on her travels!"

Impossible to forbear a laugh at the fervent hatred depicted in the war-worn features of the Castilian captain, "I' faith, my dear Nignio," said Gonzaga, "for the squire of so gallant a knight as Don John of Austria, your notions are rather those of Mahound or Termagaunt! What would his highness say, were he to hear you thus bitter against his Dulcinea?"

"*His Dulcinea!*"—ejaculated the aide-de-camp with an air of disgust, "God grant it! For a princess of Valois blood, reared under the teaching of a Medici, had at least the recommendations of nobility and orthodoxy in her favour."

"As was the case when Anna di Mendoga effected the conquest over his boyish affections, so generously pardoned by his royal brother!—But after such proof of the hereditary aspirations of Don John, it would be difficult to persuade me of his highness's derogation."

"Would I could say as much!"—exclaimed Nignio, with a groan. "But such a cow-hunt as mine of this morning, might convince the scepticism of St. Thomas!"

"What, in the name of the whole calendar, have the affections of the prince in common with your exploit?" said Gonzaga. "Would you have me infer that the son of Charles V. is enamoured of a dairy wench?"

"Of *worse!* of a daughter of the Amalekites!"—cried Nignio—stretching out his widely booted legs, as though it were a relief to him to have disburthened himself of his mystery.

"I have not the honour of understanding you," replied the Italian,—no further versed in Scripture history than was the pleasure of his almoner.

"You are his highness's *friend*, Gonzaga!" resumed the Spanish captain. "Even among his countrymen, none so near his heart! I have therefore no scruple in acquainting you with a matter, wherein, from the first, I determined to seek your counteraction. Though seemingly but a straw thrown up into the air, I infer from it a most evil predilection on the part of Don John; fatal to himself, to us, his friends, and to the country he represents in Belgium."

"Nay, now you are serious indeed!" cried his companion, delighted to come to the point. "I was in hopes it was some mere matter of a pair of *rosy* lips and a flaunting top-knot!"

"At the time Queen Margaret visited Namur," began the aide-de-camp—"I knew it!" interrupted Gonzaga, "I was as prepared for it as for the opening of a fairy legend—'On a time their lived a king and queen—'"

"Will you tell the story, then, or shall I?"—cried Nignio, impatient of his interruption.

"*Yourself*, my pearl of *squires*! granting me in the first place your pardon for my ill manners!"

"When Margaret de Valois visited Namur," resumed Nignio, "the best diversions we had to offer to so fair and pious a princess were, first a *Te Deum* in the cathedral for her safe journey; next, an entertainment of dancing and music at the town hall—and a gallant affair it was, as far as silver draperies, and garlands of roses, and a blaze of light that seemed to threaten the conflagration of the city, may be taken in praise. The Queen had brought with her, as with *malice prepense*, six of the loveliest ladies of honour gracing the court of the Louvre!"

"I knew it!"—again interrupted Gonzaga;—and again did Nignio gravely inquire of him whether (since so well informed) he would be pleased to finish the history in his own way!

"Your pardon! your pardon!" cried the Italian, laying his fingers on his lips. "Henceforward I am mute as a carp of the Meuse."

"It afforded, therefore, some mortification to this astutus princess,—this daughter of Herodias, with more than all her mother's cunning and cruelty in her soul,—to perceive that the Spanish warriors, who on that occasion beheld for the first time the assembled nobility of Brabant and Namur, were more struck by the Teutonic charms of these fair-haired daughters of the north, (so antipodal to all we are accustomed to see in our sunburned provinces,) than by the mannered graces of her pleasure-worn Parisian belles."

"Certain it is," observed Gonzaga, (despite his recent pledge,) "that there is no greater contrast than between our wild-eyed, glowing Andalusians, and the slow-footed, blue-eyed daughters of these northern mists, whose smiles are as moonshine to sunshine!"

"After excess of sunshine, people sometimes prefer the calmer and milder radiance of the lesser light. And I promise you that, at this moment, if there be pillows sleepless yonder in the camp for the sake of the costly fragile toys called womankind, those jackasses of lovelorn lads have cause to regret the sojourn of Queen Margaret in Belgium, only as having brought forth from their castles in the Ardennes or the froggeries of the Low Country, the indigenous divinities that I would be at this moment at the bottom of their muddy moats, or of the Sambre flowing under yonder window!"

"It is one of these Brabant belles, then, who?"

Gabriel Nignio de Zuniga half rose from his chair, as a signal for breaking off the communication he was not allowed to pursue in his own way—Taking counsel of himself, however, he judged that the shorter way was to tell his tale in a shorter manner, so as to set further molestation at defiance.

"In one word," resumed he, with a vivacity of utterance foreign to his Spanish habits of grandiloquence, "at that ball, there appeared among the dancers of the Coranto, exhibited before the tent of state of Queen Margaret, a young girl whose tender years seemed to render the exhibition almost an indiscretion; and whose aerial figure appeared to make her sojourn there, or any other spot on earth, a matter of wonder. Her dress was simple, her fair hair streaming on her shoulders. It was one of the angels of your immortal Titian, *minus* the wings! Such was, at least, the description given me by Don John, to enable me to ascertain among the Namurrois her name and lineage, for the satisfaction (he said) of the Queen, whose attention had been fascinated by her beauty."

"And you proceeded, I doubt not, on your errand with all the grace and good-will I saw you put into your commission of this morning?"—cried Gonzaga, laughing.

"And nearly the same result!—My answer to the enquiry of his highness was *verbatim* the same; that the matter was not worth asking after. This white rose of the Meuse was not so much as of a chapter-house. Some piece of provincial obscurity that had issued from the shade, to fill a place in the royal Coranto, in consequence of the indisposition of one of the noble daughters of the house of Croy. Still, as in the matter of the cow-hunt, his highness had the malice to persist! And next day, instead of allowing me to attend him in

his barging with the royal Cleopatra of this confounded Cydnus of Brabant, I was dispatched into all quarters of Namur to seek out a pretty child with silken hair and laughing eyes, whom some silly grandam had snatched out of its nursery to parade at a royal fête.—Holy St. Laurence! how my soul grizzled within my skin!—I did, as you may suppose, as much of his highness's pleasure as squared with my own; and had the satisfaction of informing him, on his return, that the bird had fled.”

“And there was an end of the matter!”—

“I hoped so! But I am not precisely the confessor his highness is likely to select when love constitutes the sin. At all events, the bustle of Margaret's departure for Spa, the care of the royal escort, and the payment of all that decency required us to take upon ourselves of the cost of our hospitality, engrossed my time and thoughts. But the first time the Infant beset me, (as he has doubtless done yourself,) with his chapter of lamentations over the sufferings of Belgium,—the lawlessness of the camp—the former loyalty of the provinces—the tenderness of conscience of the heretics,—and the eligibility of forbearance and peace,—I saw as plain as though the word were inscribed by the burning finger of Satan, that the turkois eyes and flaxen ringlets were the text of all this snivelling humanity!”

“Blessings on the tender consciences of the heretics, who were burning Antwerp and Ghent, and plundering the religious houses and putting their priests to the sword!” ejaculated Gonzaga.

“The exigencies of the hour, however, left little leisure to Don John for the nursing of his infant passion; and a few weeks past, I entertained hopes that, Queen Margaret being safe back at her Louvre, the heart of the Prince was safe back in its place; more especially when he one day proposed to me an exploit savouring more of his days of Lepanto than I had expected at his hands again. Distracted by the false intelligence wherewith we were perpetually misled by the Brabant scouts, Don John determined on a sortie in disguise, towards the intrenchments of the enemy, betwixt the Sambre and Dyle. Rumour of the reinforcements of English troops dispatched to the heretics by Queen Elizabeth at the instance of the diet of Worms, rendered him anxious; and bent upon ascertaining the exact cantonments of Colonel Norris and his Scottish companies, we set forward before daybreak towards the forest of Marlagne, as for a hunting expedition; then exchanging our dresses for the simple suits of civilians at the house of the verderer, made our way across the Sambre towards Gembloux.”

“A mad project!—But such were ever the delight of our Quixote!”—cried Gonzaga.

“In this instance, all prospered. We crossed the country without obstacle, mounted on two powerful Mecklenburgers; and before noon, were deep in Brabant. The very rashness of the undertaking seemed to restore to Don John his forgotten hilarity of old! He was like a truant schoolboy, that has cheated his pedagogue of a day's bird-nesting; and eyes more discerning than those of the stultified natives of these sluggish provinces, had been puzzled to detect under the huge patch that blinded him of an eye, and the slashed sleeve of his sad-coloured suit that showed him wounded of an arm, the gallant host of Queen Margaret! ‘My soul comes back into me with this gallop across the breezy plain, unencumbered by the trampling of a guard!’ cried the Prince. ‘There is the making in me yet of another Lepanto! But two provinces remain faithful to our standard: his highness of Orange and the Archduke having filched, one by one, from their allegiance the hearts of these pious Netherlanders; who can no better prove their fear of God than by ceasing to honour the king he hath been pleased to set over them. Nevertheless, with Luxembourg and Namur for our vantage-ground, and under the blessing of his holiness, the banner under which I conquered the infidel, shall, sooner or later, float victorious under this northern sky!’

“Such was the tenor of his discourse as we entered a wood, halfway through which, the itinerary I had consulted informed me we had to cross a branch of the Dyle. But on reaching the ferry-house of this unfeasted track, we found only two sumpter mules tied to a tree near the hovel, and a boat chained to its stump beside the stream. In answer to our shouts, no vestige of a ferryman appeared; and behold the boat-chain was locked, and the current too deep and strong for fording.

“Where there is smoke there is fire! No boat without a boatman!” cried the Prince; and leaping from his horse, which he gave me to hold, and renewing his vociferations, he was about to enter the ferry-house, when, just as he reached the wooden porch, a young girl, holding her finger to her lips in token of silence, appeared on the threshold!”

“She of the Turkois eyes and flaxen ringlets, for a hundred pistoles!”—cried Gonzaga. “Such then was the bird's nest that made him so mad a truant!”

“As she retreated into the house,” resumed Nignio, without noticing the interruption, “his highness followed, hat in hand, with the deference due to a gouvernante of Flanders. But as the house was little better than a shed of boards, by drawing a trifle nearer the porch, not a syllable of their mutual explanation escaped me.

“Are you a follower of Don John?”—was the first demand of the damsel. ‘Do you belong to the party of the States?’—the next; to both which questions, a negative was easily returned. After listening to the plea, fluently set forth by the prince, that he was simply a Zealand burgess, travelling on his own errand, and sorely in fear of falling in (God wot) with either Protestants or Papists, the damsel appeared to hail the arrival of so congenial an ally as a blessing; acquainted him, with a rash frankness of speech worthy of his own, that she was journeying from the Ardennes towards the frontier of Brabant, where her father was in high command; that the duenna, her companion, outworned by the exercise, was taking her siesta within; for that her pacing nag, having cast a shoe on reaching the wood, the ferryman had undertaken to conduct to the nearest smithy the venerable chaplain and serving-man constituting her escort.

“Half a league from hence,” said she, “my father's people are in waiting to escort me during the rest of my journey.”

“Yet surely, gentle lady,” observed the prince, “considering the military occupation of the province, your present protection is somewhat of the weakest!”

“It was expressly so devised by my father,” replied the open-hearted girl. “The Spanish cavaliers are men of honour, who war not against women and almoners. A more powerful attendance were more likely to provoke animosity. Feebleness is sometimes the best security.”

“Home is a woman's best security in times like these!”—cried the prince, with animation.

“And therefore to my home am I recalled,” rejoined the young girl, with a heavy sigh. “Since my mother's death, I have been residing with her sister in the Ardennes. But my good aunt having had the weakness to give way to

my instances, and carry me to Namur last summer, to take part in the entertainments offered to the Queen of Navarre, my father has taken offence at both of us; and I am sent for home to be submitted to sterner keeping.”

“You will believe that, ere all this was mutually explained, more time had elapsed than I take in the telling it; and I could perceive by the voices of the speakers that they had taken seats, and were awaiting, without much impatience, the return of the ferryman. The compassion of the silly child was excited by the severe accident which the stranger described as the origin of his fractures and contusions; nor need I tell you that the persuasive voice and deportment of Don John are calculated to make even a more experienced one than this pretty Ulrica forget his unseemly aspect and indigent apparel.”

“And all this time the careful gouvernante snored within, and the obsequious aide-de-camp held at the door the bridles of the Mecklenburgers”

“Precisely. Nor found I the time hang much heavier than the prince; for at first mistrustful, like yourself, that the reconnaissance into which he had beguiled me was mere pretext, I was not sorry to ascertain, sigh by sigh, and word by word, the grounds on which he stood with the enemy. And you should have heard how artfully he contrived to lead her back to the fêtes of Namur; asking, as with the curiosity of a bumpkin, the whole details of the royal entertainments! No small mind had I to rush in and chuck the hussy into the torrent before me, when I heard the little fiend burst forth into the most genuine and enthusiastic praises of the royal giver of the feast,—‘So young, so handsome, so affable, so courteous, so passing the kingliness of kings.’ She admitted, moreover, that it was her frantic desire of beholding face to face the hero of Lepanto, which had produced the concession on the part of her kinswoman so severely visited by her father.

“But surely, pleaded this thoughtless Prattler, ‘one may admire the noble deportment of a Papist, and perceive the native goodness beaming in his eyes, without peril of salvation?’ This whole morning hath my father's chaplain (who will be here anon) been giving scripture warrant that I have no right to importune heaven with my prayers for the conversion of Don John:—Yet, as my good aunt justly observes, the great grandson of Mary of Burgundy has his pedestal firm in our hearts, beyond reach of overthrow from all the preachments of the Reformers”

“And you did not fling the bridles to the devil, and rush in to the rescue of the unguarded soldier thus mischievously assailed?”—cried Gonzaga.

“It needed not! The old lady could not sleep for ever; and I had the comfort to hear her rouse herself, and suitably reprehend the want of dignity of her charge in such strange familiarity with strangers. To which the pretty Ulrica replied, ‘That it was no fault of hers if people wanted to convert a child into a woman! A moment afterwards and the ferryman and cortège arrived together; and a more glorious figure of fun than the chaplain of the heretic general hath seldom bestridden a pacing nag! However, I was too glad of his arrival to be exceptious; and the whole party were speedily embarked in the ferry, taking their turn as the first arrived at the spot, which we twain abided, watching the punt across the stream, which, in consequence of the strength of the current, it was indispensable to float down some hundred yards, in order to reach the opposite shore.

“Hat in hand stood the prince, his eyes fixed upon the precious freight, and those of Ulrica fixed in return upon her new and pleasant acquaintance; when, Jesu Maria!—as every thing that is evil ordained it,—behold, the newly-shod palfrey of the pretty Brabantonne, irritated, perhaps, by the clumsy veteranship of a village smithy, began suddenly to rear and plunge, and set at defiance the old dunderhead by whom it was held! The ass of a ferryman, in his eagerness to lend his aid, let go his oar into the stream; and between the awkwardness of some and the rashness of others, in a moment the whole party were carried down by the eddy of the Dyle!—The next, and Ulrica was struggling in the waters”

“And the next, in the arms of the prince, who had plunged in to her rescue!”

“You know him too well not to foresee all that follows. Take for granted, therefore, the tedious hours spent at the ferry-house, in restoring to consciousness the exhausted women, half dead with cold and fright. Under the unguarded excitement of mind produced by such an incident, I expected indeed every moment the self-betrayal of my companion; but that evil we escaped. And when, late in the evening, the party was sufficiently recovered to proceed, I was agreeably surprised to find that Don John was alive to the danger of escorting the fair Ulrica even so far as the hamlet, where her father's people were in waiting.”

“And where he had been inevitably recognized?”

“The certainty of falling in with the troopers of Horn, rendered it expedient for us to return to Namur with only half the object of his highness accomplished. But the babble of the old chaplain had acquainted us with nearly all we wanted to know,—namely, the number and disposal of the Statists, and the position taken up by the English auxiliaries.”

“And this second parting from Ulrica?”

“Was a parting as between friends for life! The first had been the laughing farewell of pleasant acquaintance. But now, ere she bade adieu to the gallant preserver of her life, she shred a tress of her silken hair, still wet with the waters of the Dyle, which she entreated him to keep for her sake. In return, he placed upon her finger the ruby presented to him by the Doge of Venice, bearing the arms of the republic engraved on the setting; telling her that chance had enabled him to confer an obligation on the governor of the Netherlands; and that, in any strait or peril, that signet, dispatched in his name to Don John of Austria, would command his protection.”

“As I live, a choice romance!—almost worthy the pages of our matchless Boccaccio!” cried the Italian. “A thousand pities but that the whole batch of Orangeists had been carried down the Dyle! However, the enemy's lines lie between them. They will meet no more. The Calvinist colonel has doubtless his daughter under lock and key; and his highness has too much work cut out for him by his rebels, to have time for peeping through the key-hole. So now, good-night. For love-tales are apt to beget drowsiness; and i' faith we must be a-foot by break of day.”

And having betaken himself to the chamber provided for him, Ottavio Gonzaga lost not an hour or a syllable, in transcribing all he had learned from the Spanish aide-de camp; that the state of mind and feeling of the young viceroy might be speedily laid open to the full and uncongenial investigation of his royal brother of the Escorial.

PART. II.

A fortnight afterwards, was fought that famous battle of Gembloux, which added a new branch to the laurels of Don John of Austria; and constitutes a link of the radiant chain of military glories which binds the admiration of Europe to the soil of one of the obscurest of its countries!—Gembloux, Ramillies

Nivelle, Waterloo, lie within the circuit of a morning's journey, as well as within the circle of eternal renown.

By this brilliant triumph of the royalists, six thousand men-at-arms, their standards, banners, and artillery, were lost to the States. The cavalry of Spain, under the command of Ottavio Gonzaga, performed prodigies of valour; and the vanguard, under that of Gaspardo Nignio, equally distinguished itself. But the heat of the action fell upon the main body of the army, which had marched from Namur under the command of Don John; being composed of the Italian reinforcements dispatched to him from Parma by desire of the Pope, under the command of his nephew, Prince Alexander Farnese.

It was noticed, however, with surprise, that when the generals of the States—the Archduke Matthias, and Prince of Orange—retreated in dismay to Antwerp, Don John, instead of pursuing his advantage with the energy of his usual habits, seemed to derive little satisfaction or encouragement from his victory. It might be, that the difficulty of controlling the predatory habits of the German and Burgundian troops wearied his patience; for scarce a day passed but there issued some new proclamation, reprobating the atrocious rapacity and lawless desperation of the army. But neither Gonzaga nor Nignio had much opportunity of judging of the real cause of his cheerlessness; for, independent of the engrossing duties of their several commands, the leisure of Don John was entirely bestowed upon his nephew, Alexander Farnese, who, only a few years his junior in age, was almost a brother in affection.

To him alone were confided the growing cares of his charge—the increasing perplexities of his mind. To both princes, the name of Ulrica had become, by frequent repetition, a sacred word; and though Don John had the comfort of knowing that her father, the Count de Cergny, was unengaged in the action of Gembloux, his highness had reason to fear that the regiment of Hainaulters, under his command, constituted the garrison of one or other of the frontier fortresses of Brabant, to which it was now his duty to direct the conquering arms of his captains.

The army of the States having taken refuge within the walls of Antwerp, the royalists, instead of marching straight to Brussels, according to general expectation, effected in the first instance the reduction of Tirlemont, Louvain, D'Arscot, Sichem, and Diest.—Nivelle, the capital of Walloon Brabant, next succumbed to their arms—Maubeuge, Chimay, Barlaiment;—and, after a severe struggle, the new and beautiful town of Philippeville.

But these heroic feats were not accomplished without a tremendous carnage, and deeds of violence at which the soul sickened. At Sichem, the indignation of the Burgundians against a body of French troops which, after the battle of Gembloux, had pledged itself never again to bear arms against Spain, caused them to have a hundred soldiers strangled by night, and their bodies flung into the moat at the foot of the citadel; after which the town was given up by Prince Alexander to pillage and spoliation! Terrified by such an example, Diest and Leeuw hastened to capitulate. And still, at every fresh conquest, and while receiving day after day, and week after week, the submission of fortresses, and capitulation of vanquished chiefs, the anxious expectation entertained by Don John of an appeal to his clemency accompanying the Venetian ring, was again and again disappointed!

At times, his anxieties on Ulrica's account saddened him into utter despondency. He felt convinced that mischance had overtaken her. All his endeavours to ascertain the position of the Court de Cergny having availed him nothing, he trusted that the family must be shut up in Antwerp, with the Prince of Orange and Archduke; but when every night, ere he retired to a soldier's rugged pillow, and pressed his lips to that long fair tress which seemed to ensure the blessings of an angel of purity and peace, the hopes entertained by Don John of tidings of the gentle Ulrica became slighter and still more slight.

He did not the more refrain from issuing such orders and exacting such interference on the part of Alexander Farnese, as promised to secure protection and respect to the families of all such officers of the insurgent army as might, in any time or place, fall into the hands of the royalists.

To Alexander, indeed, to whom his noble kinsman was scarcely less endeared by his chivalrous qualities than the ties of blood, and who was fully aware of the motive of these instructions, the charge was almost superfluous. So earnest were, from the first, his orders to his Italian captains to pursue in all directions their enquiries after the Count de Cergny and his family, that it had become a matter of course to preface their accounts of the day's movements with—"No intelligence, may it please your highness, of the Count de Cergny?"

The siege of Limbourg, however, now wholly absorbed his attention; for it was a stronghold on which the utmost faith was pinned by the military science of the States. But a breach having been made in the walls by the Spanish artillery under the command of Nicolo di Cesi, the cavalry, commanded in person by the Prince Alexander, and the Walloons under Nignio di Zuniga, speedily forced an entrance; when, in spite of the stanch resistance of the governor, the garrison laid down their arms, and the greater portion of the inhabitants took the oath of fealty to the king.

Of all his conquests, this was the least expected and most desirable; in devout conviction of which, the Prince of Parma commanded a *Te Deum* to be sung in the churches, and hastened to render thanks to the God of Battles for an event by which further carnage was spared to either host.

Escorted by his *état major*, he had proceeded to the cathedral to join in the august solemnization; when lo! just as he quitted the church, a way-worn and heated cavalier approached, bearing despatches; in whom the prince recognised a faithful attendant of his household, named Paolo Rinaldo, whom he had recently sent with instructions to Camille Du Mont, the general charged with the reduction of the frontier fortresses of Brabant.

"Be their blood upon their head!" was the spontaneous ejaculation of the prince, after perusing the despatch. Then, turning to the officers by whom he was escorted, he explained, in a few words, that the fortress of Dalem, which had replied to the propositions to surrender of Du Mont only by the scornful voice of its cannon, had been taken by storm by the Burgundians, and its garrison put to the sword.

"Time that some such example taught a lesson to these braggarts of Brabant!"—responded Nignio, who stood at the right hand of Prince Alexander. "The nasal twang of their chaplains seems of late to have overmastered, in their ears, the eloquence of the ordnance of Spain! Yet, i' faith, they might be expected to find somewhat more unction in the preachments of our musketeers than the homilies of either Luther or Calvin!"

He spoke unheeded of the prince; for Alexander was now engaged apart in a colloquy with his faithful Rinaldo, who had respectfully placed in his hands a ring of great cost and beauty.

"Seeing the jewel engraved with the arms of the Venetian republic, may it please your highness," said the soldier, "I judged it better to remit it to your royal keeping."

"And from whose was it plundered!" cried the prince, with a sudden flush of emotion.

"From hands that resisted not!" replied Rinaldo gravely. "I took it from the finger of the dead!"

"And when, and where?"—exclaimed the prince, drawing him still further apart, and motioning to his train to resume their march to the States' house of Limbourg.

"The tale is long and grievous, may it please your highness?" said Rinaldo. "To comprise it in the fewest words, know that, after seeing the governor of Dalem cut down in brave and obstinate defence of the banner of the States floating from the walls of his citadel, I did my utmost to induce the Baron de Cevray, whose Burgundians carried the place, to proclaim quarter. For these fellows of Hainaulters, (who, to do them justice, had fought like dragons,) having lost their heads, were powerless; and of what use hacking to pieces an exhausted carcass?—But our troops were too much exasperated by the insolent resistance and defiance they had experienced, to hear of mercy; and soon the conduits ran blood, and shrieks and groans rent the air more cruelly than the previous roar of the artillery. In accordance, however, with the instructions I have ever received from your highness, I pushed my way into all quarters, opposing what authority I might to the brutality of the troopers."

"Quick, quick!"—cried Prince Alexander in anxious haste—"Let me not suppose that the wearer of this ring fell the victim of such an hour!"

"It was in passing the open doors of the church that my ears were assailed with cries of female distress:—nor could I doubt that even that sanctuary (held sacred by our troops of Spain!) had been invaded by the impiety of the German or Burgundian legions!—As usual, the chief ladies of the town had placed themselves under the protection of the high altar. But there, even there, had they been seized by sacrilegious hands!—The fame of the rare beauty of the daughter of the governor of Dalem, had attracted, among the rest, two daring ruffians of the regiment of Cevray."

"You sacrificed them, I trust in God, on the spot!"—demanded the prince, trembling with emotion. "You dealt upon them the vengeance due!"

"Alas! sir, the vengeance they were mutually dealing, had already cruelly injured the helpless object of the contest! Snatched from the arms of the Burgundian soldiers by the fierce arm of a German musketeer, a deadly blow, aimed at the ruffian against whom she was wildly but vainly defending herself, had lighted on one of the fairest of human forms! Cloven to the bone, the blood of this innocent being, scarce past the age of childhood, was streaming on her assailants; and when, rushing in, I proclaimed, in the name of God and of your highness, quarter and peace, it was an insensible body I rescued from the grasp of pollution!"

"Unhappy Ulrica!" faltered the prince, "and oh! my more unhappy kinsman!"

"Not altogether hopeless," resumed Rinaldo; "and apprized, by the sorrowful ejaculations of her female companions when relieved from their personal fears, of the high condition of the victim, I bore the insensible lady to the hospital of Dalem; and the utmost skill of our surgeons was employed upon her wounds. Better had it been spared!—The dying girl was roused only to the endurance of more exquisite torture; and while murmuring a petition for 'mercy—mercy to her father!' that proved her still unconscious of her family misfortunes, she attempted in vain to take from her finger the ring. I have had the honour to deliver to your highness:—faltering with her last breath, 'for his sake, Don John will perhaps show mercy to my poor old father!'"

Prince Alexander averted his head as he listened to these mournful details.

"She is at rest, then?"—said he, after a pause.

"Before nightfall, sir, she was released."

"Return in all haste to Dalem, Rinaldo," rejoined the prince, "and complete your work of mercy, by seeing all honours of interment that the times admit, bestowed on the daughter of the Comte de Cergny!"

Weary and exhausted as he was, not a murmur escaped the lips of the faithful Rinaldo as he mounted his horse, and hastened to the discharge of his new duty. For though habituated by the details of that cruel and desolating warfare to spectacles of horror—the youth—the beauty—the innocence—the agonies of Ulrica, had touched him to the heart; nor was the tress of her fair hair worn next the heart of Don John of Austria, more fondly treasured, than the one this rude soldier had shorn from the brow of death, in the ward of a public hospital, albeit its silken gloss was tinged with blood!

Scarcely a month had elapsed after the storming of Dalem, when a terrible rumour went forth in the camp of Bouge, (where Don John had intrenched his division of the royalist army,) that the governor of the Netherlands was attacked by fatal indisposition!—For some weeks past, indeed, his strength and spirit had been declining. When at the village of Rymenam on the Dyle, near Mechlin, (not far from the ferry of the wood,) he suffered himself to be surprised by the English troops under Horn, and the Scotch under Robert Stuart, the unusual circumstance of the defeat of so able a general was universally attributed to prostration of bodily strength.

When it was soon afterwards intimated to the army that he had ceded the command to his nephew, Prince Alexander Farnese, regret for the origin of his succession superseded every other consideration.

For the word had gone forth that he was to die!—In the full vigour of his manhood and energy of his soul, a fatal blow had reached Don John of Austria!—

A vague but horrible accusation of poison was generally prevalent!—For his leniency towards the Protestants had engendered a suspicion of heresy, and the orthodoxy of Philip II. was known to be remorseless; and the agency of Ottavio Gonzaga at hand!—

But the kinsman who loved and attended him knew better. From the moment Prince Alexander beheld the ring of Ulrica glittering on his wasted hand, he entertained no hope of his recovery; and every time he issued from the tent of Don John, and noted the groups of veterans praying on their knees for the restoration of the son of their emperor, and heard the younger soldiers calling aloud in loyal affection upon the name of the hero of Lepanto, tears came into his eyes as he passed on to the discharge of his duties. For he knew that their intercessions were in vain—that the hours of the sufferer were numbered. In a moment of respite from his sufferings, the sacraments of the church were administered to the dying prince; having received which with becoming humanity, he summoned around him the captains of the camp, and exhorted them to zeal in the service of Spain, and fidelity to his noble successor in command.

It was the 1st of October, the anniversary of the action of Lepanto, and on a glorious autumnal day of golden sunshine, that, towards evening, he ordered the curtains of his tent to be drawn aside, that he might contemplate for the last time the creation of God!—

Raising his head proudly from a soldier's pillow, he uttered in hoarse, but distinct accents his last request, that his body might be borne to Spain, and bu-

ried at the feet of his father. For his eyes were fixed upon the glories of the memory of one of the greatest of kings.

But that pious wish reflected the last flash of human reason in his troubled mind. His eyes became suddenly inflamed with fever, his words incoherent, his looks haggard. Having caused them to sound the trumpets at the entrance of his tent, as for an onset, he ranged his battalions for an imaginary field of battle, and disposed his manoeuvres, and gave the word to charge against the enemy.* Then, sinking back upon his pillow, he breathed in subdued accents, "Let me at least avenge her innocent blood. Why, why could I not save thee, my Ulrica!"—

It was thus he died. When Nignio de Zuniga (cursing in his heart with a fourfold curse the heretics whom he chose to consider the murderers of his master) stooped down to lay his callous hand on the heart of the hero, the pulses of life were still!—

There was but one cry throughout the camp—there was but one thought among his captains:—"Let the bravest knight of Christendom be laid nobly in the grave!" Attired in the suit of mail in which he had fought at Lepanto, the body was placed on a bier, and borne forth from his tent on the shoulders of the officers of his household. Then, having been saluted by the respect of the whole army, it was transmitted from post to post, through the camp, on those of the colonels of the regiments of all nations constituting the forces of Spain.—And which of them was to surmise, that upon the heart of the dead lay the love-token of a heretic?—A double line of troops, infantry and cavalry in alternation, formed a road of honour from the camp of Bouge to the gates of the city of Namur. And when the people saw, borne upon his bier amid the deferential silence of those iron soldiers, bareheaded and with their looks towards the earth, the gallant soldier so untimely stricken, arrayed in his armour of glory and with a crown upon his head, after the manner of the prince of Burgundy, and on his finger the ruby ring of the Doge of Venice, they thought upon his knightly qualities—his courtesy, generosity, and valour—till all memory of his illustrious parentage became effaced. They forgot the prince in the man,—"and behold all Israel mourned for Jonathan!"

A regiment of infantry, trailing their halberds, led the march, till they reached Namur, where the precious deposit was remitted by the royalist generals, Mansfeldt, Villefranche, and La Cros, to the hands of the chief magistrates of Namur. By these it was borne in state to the cathedral of St Alban; and during the celebration of a solemn mass, deposited at the foot of the high altar till the pleasure of Philip II. should be known concerning the fulfilment of the last request of Don John.

It was by Ottavio Gonzaga the tidings of his death were conveyed to Spain. It was by Ottavio Gonzaga the king intimated, in return, his permission that the conqueror of Lepanto should share the sepulture of Charles V., and all that now remains to Namur in memory of one of the last of Christian knights, the Maccabeus of the Turkish hosts, who expired in its service and its gates, is an inscription placed on its high altar by the piety of Alexander Farnese, intimating that it afforded a temporary resting place to the remains of Don JOHN of AUSTRIA.[†]

THE NAPIER FAMILY.

We have received a copy of the "Cape Town Mail," containing an account of a dinner given in the Commercial Hall, Cape Town, to Sir George Napier, Governor-General of the Colony, by a number of his friends, on the eve of his departure for England, after holding the appointment for six years. The Hon. Justice Menzies presided, and the Hon. Messrs. Porter and Montagu occupied the vice chairs.

In reply to the toast of "The three gallant brothers, whose names were constantly associated together in the Peninsular army—Charles, George, and William Napier," which was received with great cheering,

SIR GEORGE NAPIER said—Gentlemen, I really hardly know what to say; but my honorable friend has paid so many compliments to my family, that it is absolutely incumbent on me to say something in return. You have done me the honor to drink my health again, together with my brothers'. I shall say nothing more, however, of myself; but, though it may appear vain in me, I will be vain enough to say a few words about my brothers. Gentlemen—we were reared together—we have fought and bled together—we have slept in the same cloak—and until now, we have never been separated. One of them, as you are aware, was in command at Meaene and Hyderabad, where I know from others how he has distinguished himself; for he is far too modest to speak of his own merits. Even in his letters to me, it is always—not "I did this"—but "my troops"—"my officers"—"my men." [Hear, hear, hear.] Gentlemen, if ever there was a man in the world who had the feelings of a soldier, my brother Charles is that man. His sole object in life has been the army. He entered it at fourteen years of age; he is now sixty-two; and during all that time, he has not been six months on half pay. He has been in every campaign, and in most of the great actions that have been fought in the Peninsular war. What honor, and what gallantry he has shown in action, it is not for me to say; it is known by all, even from the youngest drummer in the army, to the Duke of Wellington, at his head. He has lived now to go to India, after fighting for his country in every part of Her Majesty's dominions; and there he has achieved those two splendid actions of which we have lately had accounts. [Hear, hear.] When I saw those accounts, gentlemen, believe me when I say I gloried more in my brother's victories than I could have done if they had been my own. Gentlemen, I have lived with that brother since my infancy, and we were never separated till now. [Loud cheers.]

The Chairman has kindly mentioned an anecdote relative to a mother, than whom there never was a better. My father, my grandfather, my great grandfather, and my great great grandfather, were all soldiers; and my mother, above all things, wished us to pursue their steps. After sixty, she became quite blind, and could not distinguish her sons by sight, yet nothing could daunt her spirit, and she continued to encourage us in the path of honor. When I came home after the affair of Ciudad Rodrigo, she said to me—"I would rather have my son with that empty sleeve, than anything else in the world."

Gentlemen, my brother William, the historian of the Peninsular War, is as brave, and kind, and high-minded a man as ever lived; and I believe that every man who reads that history will acknowledge that he has done justice

not only to his brothers in arms, but to a gallant enemy. He has gathered the materials for that history from two great sources; and, although some of the statements in the third volume have been caviled at, and supposed not to be correct, yet, gentlemen, the two great sources from whence he obtained his information were far beyond suspicion—they were the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Soult. [Cheers.] I mention this circumstance because it illustrates a curious fact connected with that history. What first gave rise to my brother's intention to undertake that work, was the publication of a book, containing some strong reflections against the character of a man upon whom I look back with the same feelings that I entertain towards my own father. Entertaining feelings similar to mine, my brother reviewed that book; and, in doing so, brought forward the beautiful character of the man who bred us all, and took care of him when he was wounded—of the man who, after having nobly served his country, was raised at the age of forty-eight to be Commander-in-Chief of one of the bravest armies that ever left the British shore, with which he traversed the Peninsula, from the heart of Spain to Corunna—Gen. Sir John Moore. [Loud cheering.] That man owed his advancement to nothing but the sword he wore. He was, as you are aware, the son of Dr. Moore, the author of "Zeluco." This Doctor gave him a good education, and left him to his own efforts, and with his sword alone, John Moore placed himself at the head of the British army—no easy thing at that time. Of the military character of Sir John Moore, it is sufficient to quote the words of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, when an effort was made to create a party feeling against Sir John. The Duke spurned it, as he would everything that is mean, and said, "Sir John Moore never committed a fault, and I appreciate him as he was—the best of British soldiers." To the example and encouragement of Sir John Moore I owe more than I can express. I was his aide-de-camp—I was by his side at Corunna—I saw him killed—I have got the sash in which he fell; it is at present in the possession of Sir Henry Hardinge, but I hold it most dear, as a relic that shall be bequeathed to my children after me. Sir J. Moore's army underwent great sufferings, but it did wonders; and, wherever my brother William's history goes, I trust it will clear the character of that great and good man, so worthy of all honor.

I mention these things, gentlemen, in order to show you the manner in which we were brought up. Gentlemen, under Sir John Moore we were taught to support the character of our own army, but to entertain no antipathy to the brave enemy who fights us fairly and honorably. As a noble instance of this feeling, I would ask, is there anything in history equal to the reception which Marshal Soult, when in England, received from the Duke of Wellington? I know Soult from two causes. After the battle of Corunna, my brother Charles was reported to be killed. I returned to the field. I turned over many bodies. I searched every hospital, but I could not find him. At length I heard that he was wounded, and taken prisoner. He was shot through the body—he was shot through the leg—he was cut by a sabre, almost from ear to ear—and one of the enemy was just about to drive a bayonet through him, when a French drummer interposed, and saved his life. When Marshal Soult learned the circumstance, he ordered the drummer to be rewarded on the spot, and wrote to Napoleon, stating the circumstance, who, to his credit be it spoken, ordered that drummer to receive the Cross of the Legion of Honor. [Loud cheers.] The sequel was remarkable. Years after that, my brother William had to defend the bridge at the Coa, with the 43d. The French came down impetuously, and the fight was furious. I have seen the bridge, gentlemen, and it is hardly wider than this table. Again and again the assault was renewed; and you may judge of the fierceness of the conflict, when I state that, out of the hundred men of which my brother William's company consisted, he lost sixty. A fresh column of the enemy came down—a drummer, as was common at that time, at their head, shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" They were driven back, and the drummer fell among the dead. After the action, we went up to the pot where the drummer lay; he wore the Cross of the Legion of Honor;—that drummer proved to be the man that saved my brother's life. [Hear, hear.]

Gentlemen, these are anecdotes of the war, which show you what the feelings of soldiers are. You will never find the brave soldier cruel to his enemy, or quarrelsome with his friends. And as I am a story-telling, there is another anecdote connected with the Peninsular war, which, in reference to this principle, I may also mention. When Marshal Soult quitted Corunna, the gallant Ney was left in command. He sent for my brother, who was still a prisoner, and placed him in comfortable quarters. He also appointed an aide-de-camp to attend upon him, a Frenchman, who spoke English well. In the meantime the news had got home that my brother was killed, and the family went into mourning. My poor mother, however, said she never would believe it; and she gave the war department no rest, until Lord Mulgrave, who was at the head of it, sent a sloop of war to Corunna, commissioned to ascertain the fact. One morning, the aide-de-camp came running in to my brother, and said an English vessel had arrived in the harbour. It was not known for what purpose she had come, but the kind-hearted fellow went to Ney, and begged that my brother might be allowed to go home in her. Ney answered, "No; I cannot let him go; Major Napier must remain." The aide-de-camp returned, and informed my brother of the ill success of his attempt. "Well," said my brother, "of course I must submit; my mother will at least hear that I am alive." Again the aide-de-camp went to Marshal Ney, and again he was refused; but still he persevered in pleading for my brother's release. At last he said, "Ah, Marshal, Major Napier has a mother, and if he does not return, his mother will die!" The Marshal paused a moment, and, turning to him, said—"Go, tell Major Napier he is free, on one condition:—that if the Emperor refuses to sanction this release, he will join me again on his parole." To this, of course, my brother gladly consented, and, on waiting on the Marshal, he was asked if there were any of his people whom he would wish to take with him. My brother said there were some forty or fifty women who had been left behind. These Ney ordered to be immediately released, and, turning to his aide-de-camp, added, "See that every soldier and every woman gets two Spanish dollars a-piece to take them home." [Loud cheers.]

I was about to mention some particulars with regard to my brother as a historian. When I was in Paris, Marshal Soult gave me a dinner—not on my account, but as the brother of the historian—at which a number of Spanish, Portuguese, and other foreigners of distinction were present. Marshal Soult then addressed himself to me on the subject of the work, and said, that when my brother first wrote to him, requesting information from sources which he had at his command, he was by no means disposed to accede to the request, and wrote a cold letter in reply, stating that he had a journal of his own, but that he did not see how the conduct of the French could be impartially represented by a foreigner. "Your brother," said Soult, "wrote in answer, that his object in asking for the information, was for the purpose of writing an impartial history, and that, therefore, if there were any inaccuracies, I must not

* The foregoing details are strictly historical.

[†] Thus far the courtesies of fiction. But for those who prefer historical fact, it may be interesting to learn the authentic details of the interment of one whose posthumous destinies seemed to share the incompleteness of his baffled life. In order to avoid the contestations arising from the transit of a corpse through a foreign state, Nignio de Zuniga (who was charged by Philip with the duty of conveying it to Spain, under sanction of a passport from Henri III.) caused it to be "dismembered," and the parts packed in three budgets, (bougettes,) and laid upon packhorses!—On arriving in Spain, the parts were readjusted with wires!

attribute them to him, but to the want of sufficient information I took no further notice of the matter; but after a time, a letter came to me from your brother, stating, that in his researches among other documents, he had found a lot of letters belonging to Joseph, King of Spain, accusing me of wanting to throw off my allegiance to France. He said he had read them over, and found that they contained grave accusations against me; but, before he published them, he sent them over for my perusal, in order that he might publish, at the same time, any defence that I might wish to make. When I read this, I said,—this must be a gallant soldier, and a good man. And I immediately sent him a quantity of papers, and my own journal, and told him that I committed the whole to him, because I knew they would be used by him as an honorable and a brother soldier." On this noble conduct on the part of Marshal Soult, I need make no remark. Our great Captain showed the feelings he entertained towards him on his recent visit to England. Soult travelled on the railroads and visited various parts of the country, and my brother told me he never saw a man who appeared so gratified with his visits as Soult appeared to be; and the French Captain Rooy, who has just left this port, told me that Soult declared that nothing could ever obliterate, till the day of his death, the extraordinary kindness that had been shown him by the Duke of Wellington, the British army, and the British nation. [Cheers.]

"FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES."

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

"Faults on both sides" is a verdict delivered sixty million times in every second, from the jury-box of society.

So said they, too, in your case, LYDDIE ERLE—even this, and no more! What note takes mankind of tragedies, if they happen to be real?

Lyddie Erle's sacrifices began in early childhood. They were all joyfully made for a brother—her fellow orphan and sole companion—whom, as long as she could remember, she idolized; and who, even in those giddy, boyish days, when the heart is mostly happy and generous, was ungrateful, selfish, and tyrannical. She was bright-minded as well as affectionate, and though two years younger than himself, learned Latin, it was said, solely for the delight of doing his exercises for him when he happened to be idle or in a scrape. With the management that belongs to maturer years she extricated him from all difficulties—things in which he had a wonderful faculty for getting entangled; gave him the best of advice, which he did not take, and the prettiest watches and purses with gold coins in them, which he did; set every bit of his bad conduct right with inquisitive friends, and made, as he said, "all straight," without any crooked dealing at all.

She was the star of his life, a redeeming spirit, a sleepless angel snatching him from all harm. But go wrong he would. However, when minor sacrifices were at an end, larger ones were ready. The debts he had contracted she provided for out of her scanty portion—a third of what his had been; and when he returned to her in wild passion, the money spent, and the debts not paid, she wept, indeed, for his sake, piteously, but gave the full sum again without a sigh for her own.

A beggar, and with a character, while yet so young, not entirely unblotted, his safety required sacrifices costlier far than gold. Tears and sleepless nights would not purify and save him; but thought, energy, well-directed influence might; and with a head like a sage man, but with an angel's heart, she devoted herself to the task. Warm affection and a firm soul did the work of sagacity, and experience approved what the mere girl suggested. The enterprise by which her brother was to be advanced to independence, would need but part—not all—of her remaining store of money. It was but to exercise, for her own support, her skill in languages, and in music, if necessary; it would be a pleasure, not a hardship; self-maintenance would be so easy—and oh! so very, very sweet!

But when this enterprise, so costly to her, but so pregnant with golden promise, fell to the ground with a ruinous crash, through misconduct and recklessness, unexcused now by the plea of ardent, inexperienced youth, the discovery of a new hope and a safer course became painfully difficult. Her own small gains—even if she reserved none of them—would be but the mockery of a supply to one of his extravagant habits; and how speak to him imploringly of a pinching economy, without seeming to reproach him in the hour of his bitterness!

Self, however, will sometimes start a plan where even sympathy like hers is ineffective. The brother of Lyddie Erle was conscious of one thing, which Lyddie Erle could never have thought of—the priceless value of such a sister. Some months before, a sentiment had stolen into her mind favouring the advances of a youth possessed of manifest desert, whose passion spoke more in his silence than in his speech, and yet was unequivocal. In her innocent nature, the little "bud of love" was silently opening to the sunshine, when her brother at once crushed it. The object of it was too noble for him to hold communion with; and besides, he could not afford to give away such a sister to any lover. Soft expostulations, fond assurances, and chiefly, lies foul with detraction, enabled him to stifle the growing prepossession.

Now, however, his view of marriage changed. A friend of his own, bold, dissolute, and hard minded, but rich at present, came as a suitor to the startled and blushing Lyddie—who shrank back terror-stricken at the bare thought. She would have leapt into her brother's heart, had it been open to shelter her; but it repulsed her, tenderly at first, then sternly, even fiercely, in anger and astonishment at her resistance. But resist with all her gentle and unpolluted blood she must—she must. His arguments, his passions, could not here prevail—though they shocked and wounded her. He spoke of his own ruined state—his starved hopeless prospects, and Lyddie trembled; he spoke of the secret uses to which he could turn the rich connexion formed by marriage—of the bright fortune which by certain contrivances it would bring him,—and Lyddie shuddered!

Not that! even for the being most beloved by her under heaven; for him, compared with whom herself was nothing, dust. To give what was yet left of her store, to engage to work with head, heart, and hands, to raise what might be necessary for replacing him in the world was easy—it was happiness: and to take it, together with the passionate assurances of the wonders her affection was yet to work in his behalf, was to him not difficult, and any thing but misery.

People blamed the extravagance, the audacious swagger of the brother, while they extolled him as noble-hearted; but they blamed more the presumption of poor Lyddie, her want of affection for her relative, her insensibility to his interests, in refusing such a match. "There were faults," they said, "on both sides."

Trials were at hand that wrung from the girl's heart tears of blood. Not the silent sufferings hourly undergone in slights, injuries, insults incurred by the

anxious, indigent teacher—in bitter privations, endured rather than spend the produce of the music-lesson—of fatigue and misery, only not overwhelming and intolerable, because sustained for his sake; no, these were light trials—compared with the heavy, awful, life darkening secret, which had fallen like a huge block of ice upon her soul, and seemed, so chilling and crushing was its influence, to bury her alive.

Lyddie Erle had—had she seen by horrible accident!—had she heard by un-designed or voluntary confession?—She had at least, by some means, of which she was mistress by dire mischance, become aware, that the beloved of her soul, her idol-brother, to preserve whom spotless it is a weak word to say she would have died—she would have lived in tortures to do it—was even now, past recall, a robber in act, and an assassin in thought.

The rich roué, on a marriage connexion with whom he was to have built his proud, mean fortune, had become his dupe in another way; and the life of honour, the life of virtue, the life of lofty manhood was in him extinct for ever. What he had once compassed in safety, the tempter brought him, not reluctantly, to try again; but this time the theft was less securely effected, and suspicion turned upon the paralysed villain its cold, keen, unsleeping eye; cold, though full of fiery light, which was ever shaded. He recovered, to repel the accusing spirit of that glance, by a bold, but quiet look; he hid deep the burning sense for vengeance, the thirst for safety; waited the dark hour, which his fate told him was sure to come, and planned the murder, which at the appointed moment, his very poverty (so it turned out) prevented him from executing. A post-chaise would have carried him as far as man could go on the great highway of crime; ah! he had at that nick of time no money; he was too poor (so fate willed it) to pay for powder and shot. How he cursed his ill-luck!—how he execrated with bitterness, increased a thousand-fold, his sin-thwarting poverty! He was without a shilling to buy poison.

But the act committed, and the act intended, both were known to Lyddie. Oh! the agony of that knowledge. Yet, yet it should be endured, suppressed, nay, stifled;—or, rather the very knowledge should be cast forth from her mind, and its burning sparks be trodden out into darkness and blank oblivion. Penitence should come at once, and peace after long search be found. Alas! of what avail this calm in the distant future! The crimes were known also to the man whose life was to have paid the price of his suspicion of injury.

And yet here—here in the darkest abyss—a light shot up and kindled hope, wild hope and joy, in the heart of the malefactor. He had a sister who could buy him out of a bondage too dreadful to bear. Yes, it was so. The lesser profligate would pardon the greater, and cheat justice. The price was—Lyddie Erle.

Lyddie lived to hear the proposal—then dropped, and a soul untainted by the dust that fell seemed to have risen to heaven. But she again awoke, after long days, to consciousness—and heard the proposition, painfully, eagerly, madly reiterated. She did not drop now; but she summoned her reason, and armed her affections for fierce trial. She demonstrated the insanity of the prayer, and pleaded for pity and pardon for her brother. Too soon was she doomed to plead for these from him; for the enraged accuser, foiled in his scheme of sweeter vengeance, had his hand upon that brother's forfeit life. The end then seemed approaching. Yet something remained for thought and energy to do. She sold, for almost nothing, what drawings she could make in the night-time; she collected what trifles might be secured, by giving lessons during the night-like day—happy moral lessons to the young, and merry melodious tasks in music; and with the funds thus drawn together by patient, thoughtful, resolute toil, the accused surrounded himself with the means of defence. This was the holy and loving desire, that kept Lyddie Erle alive. He would have the ablest counsel—he would not be deserted and undone in the desolate time.

What a pang had been thine, fair soul, could thy innocent and truth-speaking spirit have guessed that the gold would have been employed to buy witnesses also! Witnesses!

God of purity! amidst the false they sought to include the true. With the suborned, they would have ensnared her also to their purpose, who had but one tongue, which was lieless. But Lyddie Erle, they said, could save her brother yet: she had only to step into the witness-box—to give her evidence without wavering or wandering—to prove what no one else could—to establish her brother's innocence, his innocence—to rescue him from agony, from ignominy, perhaps from death.

Her brother's innocence!—and she knew! To be proved, established triumphantly by her, who knew! She to be called to give evidence, who, if compelled to speak a word—the thought brought a wild wish for instantaneous and universal darkness; she knew not where to hide herself, lest she should be dragged into the presence where Truth dare not be dumb.

It was in vain that she told them that it was impossible!—in vain, that she uttered the same words over and over again a hundred times, expressing the one conviction of her soul which it seemed to her childish to repeat, and yet mad not to understand. But they could not understand why it was impossible. She had but to speak, and yes, one thing more—what so easy!—to hold her tongue! Why was it impossible?

And weeks after, when the brother was voyaging through the deep waters in a hideous felon-ship, and Lyddie Erle's grave was being tured and bordered with spring violets, those who thus decorated her green dwelling, and who, as they thought, knew her well, and loved her too, could not help preaching over it the old world-sermon—the solemnity which familiarity makes ludicrous:

"Beautiful she was, never proud, and always kind to the poor; but she might have spoken up for her brother in his time of need. He was wild, but devoted to his sister. Both had grievous troubles, and both were to blame. THERE WERE FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAUTICAL LIFE.

Narrated by the late Capt. Peregrine Reynolds, R.N., to his old friend and schoolfellow, Dr. W. S. Harvey, Professor of Moral Philosophy in — College.

REVISED, CORRECTED, AND ARRANGED, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAPERS,
BY THE EDITOR OF THIS JOURNAL.

CHAP. VIII.

"Our hint of woe
Is common;—every day some sailor's wife,
The master of some me chaut, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe.—SHAKESPEARE.

O, how this spring of love resembliest
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.—IBID.

In the meantime the first lieutenant had brought our own ship down, and the wreck was taken in tow; the carpenter and several hands were sent on board of the latter, and preparations were made for clearing her of water, and for discovering the full amount of her damage. We sat down to dinner, but the be-

nevolent mind of Captain Ferguson was so impressed with the distressing scene before him, and with contemplations of the sorrows which probably awaited many, at present ignorant of the mishap, that he did not join much in the conversation, and the little he did utter was only in broken questions, as ideas seemed to rise up within him on the subject.

Our men worked with vigour and alacrity, the pumps were soon cleared, and they were spelled by successive sets, in such a spirit, that it was soon evident they gained upon the water. The noise, however, awoke the sleepy sufferer. With a convulsive start, he exclaimed, "What's that?" The surgeon, acutely attentive to his patient, immediately jumped up and ran to him. By this time, full sensation had returned to him, and the racking pain of his bruises and broken limbs was again rending his tortured feelings. He groaned heavily; his teeth were convulsively set, and he ground them in agony. As his eyes rolled heavily from side to side, he caught a glimpse of us, and their motion was instantly arrested. He made a vain attempt to struggle; his broken limbs refused to assist him. "Oh God!" exclaimed he, "what means this?"

"Patience, my good man, have patience," replied the surgeon in a soothing tone, applying his finger at the same time to the man's temple. "You are among friends, and will be taken care of—keep still and quiet, do not talk now, you are very weak."

"Still?" replied he, "Quiet? Who holds me? What—what are you all about? Oh! What dreadful pain! Who, who holds me? What is that noise on deck?"

The surgeon at once saw that it was best to let him understand his condition, for fear of increasing his fever, and probably of defeating the anxious inquiries which could be made of him only. He therefore gently and briefly gave him to understand that he was on board of his own vessel, that an English man of war had charge of her, the crew of which were examining her damages—that the sufferer himself had been discovered in the half deck hold, and that he was found to be severely bruised and injured;—that the person who spoke to him was the surgeon of the man of war,—that he had administered to him already as much as circumstances would admit, and would continue to do so, to the best of his abilities,—and that as he valued the hopes of his own recovery, and the information and assistance which could be obtained through him, he must keep himself as quiet as possible, endeavour to subdue his feelings, and trust in humble thankfulness to the kind Providence which had preserved him from so dreadful a death as that which had seemed to await him.

This account, which was interrupted from time to time by the groans and exclamations of the poor man, had precisely the sedative effect which the surgeon expected. The moment he was in full knowledge of his state and condition, he made strong efforts to subdue his pains.

People may say what they please about the beauty and dignity of philosophy, and the advantages of the schools in teaching it; but to my mind there is no practical philosopher who can be put in comparison with the seaman. The traveller who has drawn all his practical wisdom from sages, and gathered his stock of prudence within the walls of colleges, is very apt to find his patience forsake him, and his philosophy to be naught, at the first obstacle at which he may chance to arrive, whether among the Alleghany or the Jura mountains. He complains bitterly, in his diary, of the privations with which he has been obliged to put up, and reckons it among his arduous undertakings that he has travelled some six or seven miles in unpleasant weather, before he could arrive at a shelter, notwithstanding the advantages of good cattle, coverings, purse, and health. The speculator who has arrived at excellent conclusions through one-sided arguments, finds at length that he cannot realize his fond anticipations: he recoils at the villainy of the world, which has actually done him no injury, and is tempted to take vengeance by cutting his own throat! The man of commerce who is continually subject to the vicissitudes of trade, who sometimes is Fortune's favourite, and at other times her foot-ball,—if in the end he finds his place near the bottom of the wheel, he retires discontented and dies of chagrin.

But Jack, poor Jack, ever puts his best face on the matter. If he is becalmed, he whistles for a breeze; if it is a gale, he gets his ship under snug canvass, or even lays her to, under a hammock in the fore and mizen rigging, secures his booms, battens down his hatches, bekeets his hands in the bosom of his vest, and trusts to Providence. He makes the land of his wishes after a tedious voyage, and before he can reach his port a contrary wind drives him out to sea again, short of provisions, and aching with disappointment. "Well, it cannot blow thus forever," says contented Jack, "we must go six upon four a while, and enjoy our mutton the better when we get in." He is wrecked; ship, cargo, and kit are all gone, and he is saved but as a waif, a stray, upon the shores of the sea that has swallowed all his earthly wealth. Does he lie down and die? Does he even think of throwing himself into the abyss which is so opportunely at hand? Not at all! "There is more to be earned," quoth he, "where I got the last, if a fellow will but work for it." Is he even forsaken on the waters, half dead with wounds and starvation, his ship—the delight of his eyes—a wreck, himself bereft of his energies, his senses? Recal but the last, and tell him there is still Hope,—that cherub to whom he clings whilst there is a pulsation in his frame,—he will be found again a man, though a broken one, honestly and devoutly turned to make the best of events. Honest Jack! The most unsophisticated of human beings, the most single-hearted of mankind; with a husk more rugged than the bark of his favourite timber, and with a core as sound as the same thoroughly seasoned—his exterior, a paltry case, homely in its appearance, contemptible and valueless in the eyes of the multitude; but his heart, a jewel beyond all price!

But a truce to this—though I owe you no apology, dear Harvey, for you are aware that it is a subject on which I could dilate forever! To return to my subject:

Such was precisely the case with this wretched man. He was contented to know no further, than that hands were employed to save the ship, if possible; he then applied himself to suppress the utterance of his own miseries. The doctor again administered to his relief, and again he found a transient repose.

Towards evening the water had been pumped off, so far as to enable the carpenters to discover some of her injuries; temporary repairs were done to the discovered leaks, to prevent too rapid an admission of water, and it was now determined to use the best means to patch her up and run her into the nearest friendly port. The wounded man also was so far recruited in strength, that the doctor was partly inclined to retract his first opinion, and, with the ready permission of Capt. Ferguson, it was resolved to get him on board the *Ardour*, and try what could be done for his recovery. The invalid, at first, offered strong objections to this, urging that he had staid by his vessel when she was forsaken by all others, and that he would still stay by her whilst he had breath in his body. With the characteristic obstinacy for which the seaman is generally remarkable, he refused to be moved, until he had the fullest assurance that the ship would be kept in tow, and that it was possible he might even see her safe

into port. He then consented, and, with great difficulty and pain, his transfer was effected from the wreck to the *Ardour*'s sick-bay, where a consultation was immediately called between the doctor and his mates,—there were no assistant surgeons in those days,—as to the state of the man's injuries and the probabilities of saving him, by setting or by amputation, as the case should be found to require. But the patient himself soon solved the problem of the alternative, as soon as he understood what was in agitation, for he exclaimed, "God bless you, doctor, you are a kind man, and true hearted;—I dare to say you know your business, too, about either fishing a limb or docking it,—but with respect be it spoken, I'm d—d if any doctor of you all shall cut away one of my precious limbs, whilst I can say nay to it."

In vain did the medical men attempt to reason with him; he resolved to take all consequences, rather than be deprived of a member, the loss of which would incapacitate him from trying his luck once more.

"You may fish it, and you may stretch it, and welcome," said he, "I am not the man to flinch from a taut strain or a hard grip; but don't dock it. Ah, poor Jenny!" added he; "shall I ever see you more—or would I ever come under your lee, to support a cripple? Doctor, I'd die first. You have picked up the first vessel in which I ever sailed as an officer; and what's more, I served my time in her. If the captain saves her ribs and trucks, and gets her once more into port, I'll down on my marrow bones and pray for him all the days of my life; if she goes down, why—you may pitch me overboard after her; for 't would be the death of me, surely."

"Why, what attaches you so strongly to the vessel, my good fellow?" asked the surgeon. You have had an appointment in her I perceive by what you say; but why should her fate sit so heavily on your mind?"

"Heavily, doctor—ah, sir—didn't you look at her stern? The *Jane*!" His utterance was for a moment choked, but rousing up a resolution, he exclaimed, as it were to himself, "What signifies talking? They can't understand that! Well, well; do as you like in all but smiting off my precious limbs, and I'll bear it all like a man; but don't let us be long about it."

The surgeons now set in earnest to their task, and with much difficulty and dreadful suffering to the patient, they got the fractures reduced and bandaged, and now they hoped, after a night's repose, to get the promised intelligence. Accordingly, about the middle of the next day, he was found strong enough to converse a little,—and gave the following account of the wreck and of himself:

"Poor Jenny, he began, "belongs to as good an owner and as good a man as ever broke bread;—aye, and as staunch a friend as ever a best bower cable. My poor father, whom I never knew, and he, were sworn brothers; and when my father died, and mother was but poorly off, he took charge of me, and told her he would make a man of me. He never allowed her to want neither, bless his soul! And when she followed my father, as she did in a very few years, he buried her like a sister, as I am told. Well, gentlemen, he sent me to school, and when I was old enough to go to sea, having a great inclination that way, he had me bound to himself, and promised to take care of me if I did my duty. There was little fear of that, I fancy; he was always a father to me—so how could I help it you know? Well, he put me into this very Jenny, poor lass!—that he built himself, and called after his daughter Jane. Ah, sir, that's the girl, if there's an angel out of heaven; but, Lord bless you, she's but a chip of the old block. There's not another on earth to match her either for rigging or stowage; and if you could see her, you would—ah, you don't think so, sir, by your smiling; but I've seen her myself, and must know best; besides, I know her heart as well as—poor Jane!" and the invalid wept, for weakness had unmanned him; "My poor Jane!—if she could see me now it would break her heart!"

The surgeon made him desist a while, after which he resumed:

"Well, sir, I embarked in the *Jane*, and served my full seven years in her in the West India trade; and always found a home and a welcome after every voyage, at Mr. Hope's; my kit well stocked, and my traps always looked after by the ship's god-mother, my early play-fellow, and always a little allowance to try my luck in a small way,—and sure enough I have always been lucky enough before this; for I always considered my bargains as the *Jane* account;—there was luck in the name, I think, till this time. Well, sir, I don't know how it was, whether I felt obliged at Jane's kindness in looking after a poor fellow that was adrift in the world, or whether I was pleased that she liked to hear my long yarns, or whether she was pleased at my thinking of her when she was away,—as how could I help it you know?—and bringing her outlandish presents now and then—but somehow it happened that we found out we liked each other very well, and that I loved her as dearly as my life—and a great deal more; and, in short, we agreed that I should get command of a vessel as soon as I could, and then I might ask her of her father. I recollect that at the very time we were settling the matter, I happened to look around, and saw him standing at the parlour door. I'm certain sure he did not hear any thing of our scheme, because he has never mentioned any thing about it; but we thought it very lucky when only the very next day he said to me, "Harry," says he, "your indentures will be out before the ship sails, and I should like you to go out second mate of the *Jane*, if you have not any better prospect." I thanked him, you may be sure; and he went on, (I suppose he was greasing my ways), "Harry," says he, "you have behaved very well as an apprentice, and I think it is but right to tell you so; and that makes me hope you will continue to do so, as a man and an officer. I promised your parents to be a protector to you, and I will be so as long as you deserve it. Mind your duty, and you may have a ship perhaps before many years are over your head!" How my heart jumped at this, and how poor Jane and I rejoiced at our prospects! Mr. Hope even lent me a respectable credit for an adventure, and we sailed upon the unhappy voyage of which this is the return."

The surgeon here interdicted further exertion on the part of his patient, and he was left to take a little rest. At successive intervals, however, the remaining part of his narrative was obtained, which was to the following effect:

The yellow fever was remarkably malignant at the time they were in Jamaica, and they lost some of their best hands by it;—in particular one or two who had made more than one voyage in the ship. The commander himself had been attacked, and had weathered it on board. New hands were obtained, and they were not of the best. Finally, they sailed on the return voyage, but had not been more than two days out at sea, before the chief mate sickened of the dreadful distemper, and in two days more was consigned to the ocean. Halstead, our invalid, was put into his place, and they made the best of their way. Being obliged to touch at Barbadoes, they had not been able to choose the passage by the gulf stream, and this tended to lengthen the voyage. At Barbadoes the captain took passengers on board, consisting of a Barbadian planter, his wife, and two children, also his brother-in-law, who had been making a trip to the West Indies, partly from social causes, and partly from commercial connexions with the Island. They were all embarked to return to

England together; the brother to receive the fair hand of a young lady, for whom, it seems, he had a powerful affection,—the family to visit the home of their birth and the friends of their childhood once more, and to keep fresh the remembrances and the kind feelings which might eventually be valuable to their offspring. Vain foresight! The inscrutable fiat of Providence had gone forth. Nor bride, nor ancient friends were this ill-fated party destined ever to behold;—nor children nor their parents were ever to receive and give the mutual kindnesses! Death, in his most horrible form, presented himself, and though he lingered over the stroke, was not the less certain of his aim,—though for days he suspended the blow, it was but to add to the terrors by which he was surrounded, and finally, “at one fell swoop,” he dismissed, to their great account, the whole of this unhappy family.

The vessel made good way, until they came near the latitude of the Tropic, when they began to have baffling winds; to these succeeded strong gales from the eastward, which afterwards shifted to the northward. The new hands did not work willingly, and soon began to skulk to their hammocks, which had the effect of making the good ones sick in reality. The gale, however, subsided, and again they made tolerable way on their course, when suddenly, about four nights before we fell in with them, when they were jogging along under double-reefed topsails and topgallant sails, she pitched forward, as it were into the very depths of the sea, and as she rose again, she carried away her bowsprit with the shock. This is a misfortune which never comes alone, the loss of the bowsprit was the means of the loss of the foremast and all its appendages, and the maintopmast and top-gallant mast. A squall, from the northwest, had caught them, and was now blowing with tremendous fury;—Capt. Nixon had not yet retired, and at the very first extraordinary motion of the vessel, he sprung upon deck. All hands, of every kind, that could work, were called to assist in this emergency, and now he felt the loss of those true hearts that had perished of the fever in Jamaica;—half his crew were a set of hen-hearted lubbers, who could bluster well enough in fine weather, but were mere helpless wretches when exertion was needed.

The broken part of the maintopmast had fallen and lay across the top, with part of the top-gallant mast dangling down,—Captain Nixon, it seems, was on the lee-side of the ship, giving some kind of directions, when she made a heavy lurch that made the broken topmast slide from its resting place, and, before he could get clearly out of the way, he received a violent blow, which felled him senseless on the deck, at the same time breaking down the rough trees on that side, and a second lurch washed him, and every thing that was loose on that side, into the sea, and he was never seen more. This unfortunate loss caused the command, such as it was, to devolve on young Halstead. But, with such a crew, small were the hopes of clearing the wreck. The state of the passengers was also miserable; the married gentleman had been unfortunate in his offers of assistance, and was carried below with a broken arm, the other was dreadfully bruised by the head of the top-gallant mast, and was insensible and bleeding. The lady and her children had been sick, but this emergency roused the wretched woman to exertion; yet, what exertion could be made? Her very steps were tottering, she knew not where to find one article necessary, and there were none to inform her. Her heart sunk within her as she saw herself surrounded with dear and suffering objects, to whom she could not administer the least relief; and she fainted upon the cabin floor, amidst the cries of her infants.

It had been found necessary to cut away the mizen mast, as the vessel was continually coming up in the wind, and this task devolved on Halstead himself, with the assistance of one or two hands that stood by him; even this was not effected without mischief, for in its fall, some of the rigging got entangled with the wheel and tiller, and snapped off the latter. The ship was now literally adrift. Still, however, the few “good men and true” wrought on, and, as the daylight approached, and they began to see what they were about, the courage of the rest began to revive, and they set about clearing the wreck. The gale, it seems, was blowing very strong, but, as the day advanced, it subsided, and, after a hasty meal, the time of which was still further shortened to poor Halstead, as he assisted the cabin sufferers in the best way he was able, and shewed particularly where the medicine chest was, the hands addressed themselves to the task of getting up a topmast and rigging a new tiller. This, their new found alacrity made them set about with bad judgment; they had loosened the booms to get out the topmast and some other spars, for their purpose, when, all at once, another dreadful squall laid the ship nearly over, carried away the mainmast, the long boat, the booms, and every man forward on deck. Halstead only, who was on the weather side of the quarter deck, at the moment of the dreadful squall, was dashed to the other side with tremendous force, and he rose with the ship a *solitary man*, in a distressed vessel, on a raging sea, and with his arm broken. This last puff had, however, spent the entire rage of the tempest, for, in a few minutes, there was scarcely a breath of wind. Halstead looked around him in the state of desolation to which he was reduced. He felt himself alone in the world; in the first anguish of his soul, he believed himself forsaken of God and man, and the next impulse was to cast himself after his lost companions. But the heart of the young man was not one which yielded to hasty impulses;—he suddenly recollects that there were, below, others as wretched as himself;—we well know that there is relief, even in the community of wretchedness,—and poor as such relief may be, we hasten to it rather than forego all. With his limb dangling helplessly by his side, and tortured with excruciating pain, he tottered down the companion ladder; and there another appalling sight presented itself. Again the unfortunate woman had fallen into a swoon, as the fearful crashing above assailed her ear;—she and her husband were writhing on the deck, the sport of the heaving vessel. What could Halstead do? He called her aloud, he seized her with his remaining hand, and used his poor endeavours to bring her back to life. Nature and constitution did more for her than his endeavours, and she once more revived—to wish that she had perished—to know, indeed, that without a signal interposition, she must perish, as well as all she loved—who were lying helpless and wounded around her.

She also had been sorely bruised, and she felt that strength was fast leaving her,—the children also were crying for food;—she had none to give them, and was unable to seek it. Halstead's heart sunk within him at the distress which he beheld; for a moment he forgot his helpless condition, he told her he would go down into the hold and get out some of the provision, and that, probably, by good Providence, they might yet be preserved. The lady glanced on the broken limb, and again his own miserable, bruised, and broken state recurred to him; but, resolved never to give up hope whilst a spark of life remained, he asked her if she could muster strength enough to get on deck and assist him to fasten a blanket to the broken mast, as a signal to any vessel sailing in this direction, which otherwise might keep its course without the hull being perceived. She accordingly staggered up the companion ladder after him, and, mainly by his directions, they got the signal bent, which we finally saw. But

weakness was now predominant in the wretched female, another roll of the ship again gave her a fall, and it was with difficulty that Halstead could raise her from the deck, and once more get her down below. When there, she convulsively snatched her children to her breast, looked towards her helpless husband and brother, and burst into a flood of tears.

Halstead was one who, “albeit unused to the melting mood,” had much of the milk of human kindness in his composition. This sight unmanned him,—“he wept with her,” he told us, “for sympathy.” Again he expressed a determination to try for some food, and fortunately, as he expressed it, there were some cordials and other comforts in the pile of chests between decks, he therefore enjoined her to keep quiet whilst he went on this voyage of discovery, certain to bring back something to restore their strength in some degree, and enable them to think what was best to be done; he told her to administer what comfort and assistance her strength would allow, to her friends, and above all things, not to follow him, as if she attempted to come down the half deck, and should fall, he could render her no assistance. He then departed, and, for security's sake, he fastened the cabin door behind him. He made a shift to crawl into the half deck, and began carefully to unstow the chests, cutting the lashings which kept them together in the late squall, but misfortune upon misfortune befel the poor and generous young man,—another heavy roll threw him off his balance, and having but one arm, and very little strength, he could not recover himself, he was prostrated on the deck, the whole pile of chests rolled on or over him,—a heavy one, in particular, broke his other arm and a rib, and there the unfortunate man lay until the moment he was relieved, as I have before described. The rest may be easily conceived:—the other unfortunates were confined in the cabin, without strength to break open the door, without provisions, injured in their persons, unused to such struggles as these, they sank under their fate and died, in the midst of the ocean, of bruises and starvation.

Such in effect was the history of poor Halstead and the vessel. I wish the sequel could be more cheerful. As we still held on the tow, the vessel was gradually patched up, so as to have the water kept under with moderate pumping: a couple of jury masts were rigged, and the hands were getting on space, to enable us to send her with an officer and men into Lisbon; but a sharp gale came on from the south-east, and after holding on as long as possible, to our own imminent danger, Captain Ferguson determined, though sorely against his inclination, to recall his men on board while yet the weather would permit, and cast off the tow rope: this was done, and not without difficulty, the boat being severely stoved in bringing the people along-side. So ended the fate of the *Jane*, as far as we ever heard.

When Halstead was informed that the ship was cut adrift, he started and gazed eagerly in my face,—for it was I who communicated the news to him.

“She's gone, then, Mr. Reynolds.”

He struggled for breath for a moment, and resumed, “well, then, I shall not be long after her. My own, own Jane! I had begun to hope we might meet again—but, without the ship—never, never! Tell the doctor, my dear sir,” addressing himself to me, “that I thank him over and over again for all his kindness—and to Captain Ferguson—and you, my dear young friend, you have all my prayers—but after this night I shall never see you more. I have—I have—a ring on my finger—take it, and give it to my dear, dear Jane, if you should ever be able to see her.”

We all tried to comfort him, but in vain; his heart throbbed violently, and in another hour he was in a burning fever. He raved through the greater part of the night about his ship, and the girl of his heart—and when the hammocks were piped up next morning, he had ceased to live.

A VERY SOFT ONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “PETER PRIGGINS,” &c.

A public school introduces us to many strange acquaintances, and boys form school-friendships from very queer motives. Perhaps no one ever got up an *amicilia* with another boy from a queerer motive than I did with one Brutus Grumps. He was an odd-looking, disagreeable boy; all legs and arms, like a sucking calf, and had a strange aversion to the use of his bandana, which gave him a snuffing sort of habit in speaking, and procured him several severe hockey-stickings. He was very good-natured, had plenty of pocket money, and spent it freely when he could find any one willing to share his cherries, plums, and peaches, which, with other delicacies, we were allowed to purchase of a man who attended the school daily. He found no lack of boys willing to eat at his expense, but the moment the taste of his purchases were out of their mouths, they, one and all without exception, turned upon their entertainer, called him a snob, and cut him until the tartman came again. The fact was, that Brutus Grumps was only a day-boy, and all day-boys with us Rotherwickians were looked upon as snobs, and accounted unworthy to be associated with, except when we wanted their services to introduce contraband articles for our private consumption. We made use of them, and then treated them with sovereign contempt. Is not this plan adopted in after life? Answer my question, ye men of interest in borough and county elections.

Well; what made me take up the cause of Brutus Grumps—B. G. as he would call himself when speaking of himself—was, that I saw him treat a big bully of a boy, whom I hated, for he was a sneak, a bully, and a coward, to two pounds of most excellent cherries of the species called *bigaroons*, and when they were devoured (bully of course taking the lion's share.) I saw the poor day-boy unmercifully kicked, cuffed, and maltreated by the lad who had been feeding at his expense.

I was very much disgusted, and as I had long entertained the hope of finding some safe ground for fixing a quarrel on the bully, I walked up to him, and demanded his reasons for treating the boy, who had treated him, so cruelly. He merely replied that I might go—to a place I will not mention. In less than five minutes Master Bully's face was so disfigured by my fists, that his fond parents would have had a difficulty in recognising their son had they called to see him.

Brutus Grumps was delighted at my success, and perhaps I was a little too much elated by having so speedily subdued the best fighter in Rotherwick; for I, to carry out my principle as I thought, embraced Brutus Grumps, and publicly proclaimed him to be under my protection, threatening, in our classical phraseology, to *lick* any boy who should attempt to treat him cruelly. I was loudly cheered for my speech by all the juniors; but some of the seniors smiled, winked, and shrugged their shoulders.

My success with the bully had its effects, and my *protégé* was relieved from many unpleasantries. He was anxious to show his gratitude to me, and as he was the only son of a wealthy professional man, and, as I have said before, had plenty of money at his command, he took me into a deep recess in one of our

cloister-windows, and after blushing and stammering, popped a piece of silver paper into my hand, and begged I would use it, and return the amount whenever it was convenient. I opened it, and found it was a bank-note for ten pounds. As I was *flush* at the time, I returned it with many thanks for his liberality, and took the opportunity of reading him a lecture on being too free with his money—a habit that might increase with his increasing years, and involve him in serious difficulties. He seemed vexed at my rejection of his offer, and smiled at my lecture, shaking his head in a manner that implied "he knew what he was about."

I stood his friend until I left for college, and certainly saved him much uneasiness—to use a mild term. I lost sight of him for some years, but heard, through the medium of some brother collegians, that he had come into a considerable property by the death of his father, and was living as an idle "man about town." I thought the paternal property was in very unsafe hands, but had no means of telling the owner of it my thoughts thereon, until, by a strange chance, I met him in Cowes, whither I had gone to see the regatta. He was the owner of a smart yacht, but not one of the yacht squadron or club. He was merely there like myself, as a spectator. His joy at seeing me I shall never forget. He positively "fell on my neck" opposite the club-house, and as soon as he had recovered himself a little, insisted on my sending all my traps on board "the Favourite of Fulham," and spending a week or two with him. I could not refuse his invitation, it was so cordially given, although I had other engagements which might have formed, and ought to have formed, valid excuses for refusing him.

As soon as the regatta was over, we left Cowes, and sailed for the quiet little bay and town of Swanage or Swanwick, on the coast of Dorset.

In *transitu*—that is, ladies, as we sailed along, I elicited part of my friend's history; and although the whole of it would amuse my readers, I have selected such a portion of it as struck me, at the time, to be most elucidatory of poor Brutus Grumps's peculiar softness—especially in money matters.

The friend to whom he alludes, under the name of Toofast Harduppe, was the very bully whose face I had so effectually disfigured for his gross imposition upon him at school. He had, it appeared, immediately after my quitting Rotherwick, made such overtures of peace and goodwill, as poor Brutus could not resist, and had really received no little praise from the rest of the school, for having forgiven a boy, and him a day-boy, who had been the cause of his receiving the severest punishment which a school-bully can receive—a thrashing from another hitherto deemed inferior to himself in pugilistics.

Having made these few introductory remarks, I will allow Mr. Brutus Grumps to be the *raconteur* of that part of his history which proved the most amusing to myself.

Mr. Toofast Harduppe was a very intimate friend of mine in after life; indeed, we were so intimate, that whenever he was in any little pecuniary difficulty, which, I am sorry to say, occurred very frequently, he always called upon me to help him out of it. I advanced him several sums of money, for which he gave me good security; indeed, he called it "the best possible security," namely, his note of hand, bearing interest at five per cent., payable on demand. I was not so green as to demand it, because I knew that I could not get above three-and-a-half per cent. for my money elsewhere. Let me alone, I'm not to be done so easily.

My legal friend was rude enough to hint to me that I should never see one penny again, either of principal or interest. I do dislike lawyers. They are such matter-of-fact people, and tell you the most disagreeable things with such unmoved and unblushing faces. I have no doubt they do it for the best, as a matter of conscience or duty; but I, Mr. Brutus Grumps, do think it d—d disagreeable. I told him as much, and told it him in a properly peremptory manner. He looked amazed, as I meant him to be. He said nothing in his own defence, but shrugged his legal shoulders, and whispered something about having done his duty to a valuable client. I thought I heard a *diminuendo* at the end, which sounded something very like, "and a pig-headed fool."

I took no notice of it—for the remark was evidently not meant for my ear, or he would have made it louder. I merely bowed myself out of his private office, and went to call on my friend Harduppe, who gave me some capital broiled kidneys, with curacao and champagne for my lunch. I relished the liquids the more because I knew that they were paid for. I had, in fact, given him a check to cover the amount of his wine bill the day before, and had his note of hand for the amount in my pocket-book at the very moment I was quaffing his champagne.

We did not sit very long over our wine, for Toofast Harduppe's carriage was at the door—a splendid phæton, drawn by a beautiful pair of grays—I had lent him £500 to pay for the turn-out, and knew that they were really worth the money, for Dashboard and Spavin had pledged their honour to their excellency before I would allow my friend to discharge their account. Better judges—I mean of carriages and horses—than those two first-rate tradesmen, are not to be found in London.

We took a delightful drive to Chelsea, where my friend had a very pretty little rustic villa, which he had furnished very handsomely, and I thought, when I paid for the things, rather reasonably. He did not live in it himself, for he preferred his chambers, but had lent it to a young French lady who used to join the *corps de ballet* at the Italian Opera House, before she sprained her ankle, or met with some other unlucky accident, which compelled her to retire from the boards. It was very kind of Harduppe, as she and her aunt had really not very comfortable lodgings in Whitcomb-street, and every body knows that pure air is essential to an invalid.

As we drove along Sloane-street, my friend suddenly pulled up, indeed, so suddenly, that the grays were thrown upon their haunches like cats upon a hearth-rug, when they are looking out for their milk. I could not think what was the matter, but on looking up, I saw a very genteely-dressed young man, with a pair of spurs on his boots, and a riding-whip in his hand, but without any horse that I could see, come up to the side of the phæton and shake my friend Harduppe very warmly by the hand, which I was rather surprised at his returning with equal warmth, as I had heard him say, "Curse the fellow, I was in hopes he would not have seen me," just as he had got within a foot of the carriage-steps.

We chatted about the weather—for I was introduced in form to Mr. Q. Mace—the best billiard-player of the day, next to Brighton Jonathan; and as the grays were rather fidgetty, I wished him away, that we might indulge them in their evident inclination to move on. Mr. Mace, however, was not in the cue for moving; he had his right foot on the step, and kept it there talking about all sorts of nonsense, until he fairly got his left foot into the carriage, and then he whispered something to Harduppe, which made him say, "He was cursed sorry, but couldn't do it, for he hadn't a dump."

I observed Mr. Q. Mace look at me, and then wink at my friend, who, after a moment's thought, and very deep thought it seemed to be by the contraction

of his handsome eyebrows, turned round and said, "Can you pencil a check for fifty? I am ashamed to trouble you, but my friend, Mace—"

"No trouble in the world," said I, taking out my check-book—for I always carry it with me—and filling it up on the crown of my hat, which I used as a writing-desk. I thought I heard Mr. Q. Mace whisper, "Very soft indeed;" but of course he was alluding to the leather apron of the carriage, which was made of beautiful Spanish.

Well, Mr. Q. Mace took away the check with a low bow, and pocketed it as if he had been used to pocketing. We wished him good morning, and drove on, and as we did so, Mr. Toofast Harduppe thanked me very earnestly for having enabled him to get rid of the importunities of a person who, he was afraid, though really a first-rate performer with the balls, did not play upon the square. Now as billiard-tables are always oblong, I was not surprised at his not playing upon the square, and so I told my friend, who laughed immoderately, and told me that it was the best thing I had said for a long time. I thought so too, and we were very merry until we reached the rustic villa.

When we were admitted, mademoiselle's aunt told me that Julie was a little indisposed, but would be down immediately. We waited for some ten minutes, and the aunt, seeing that my friend was getting nervous, left the room to see after her fair niece. She returned in a few minutes, and with her handkerchief to her eyes—for she was crying—begged Mr. Harduppe to follow her to Julie's boudoir. He did so of course, and I was left alone, and as the doors were left open, I could not help hearing first a loud sobbing, then an hysterical laugh, and finally a violent pit-a-patting on the carpet, accompanied by a series of little screams and screeches.

I was about to rush upstairs to learn the cause of these fearful sounds, when my friend Harduppe sprang down stairs four steps at a time, and grasping my hand painfully hard, said,

"My dear Brutus—my very dear Grumps—I must impose upon your friendship for one more check. Would you believe it—that villainous lodging-letter in Whitcombe-street has issued a writ against Julie for £250. She is ignorant of our laws, and although I have done all I can to pacify her, and explain the law of debtor and creditor to her in French and English, she cannot be persuaded that she shall not be shut up in a Conciergerie for life, unless she can pay the hard-hearted creditor."

"Brute!" said I, indignantly, as I sat down to write out a check for the amount with Julie's crowquill, which was within my reach.

"He is a brute," said Harduppe, taking the check; "but for you, my very dear Grumps, the poor girl would have been immolated on the altar of hard-heartedness. Your kindness is too much. I shall never be able to repay you—mark my words—I shall never be able to repay you."

I felt that glow about the region of my heart which the consciousness of having done a good action invariably produces; and I was indeed a happy man, when I heard Mademoiselle Julie exchange her hysterical giggle for a natural laugh, in which I distinctly heard Mr. Toofast Harduppe and the aunt of the young lady join. We had a little scene when the ladies appeared, for Miss Julie threw herself on my neck and kissed me. I felt rather awkward at first, but when I remembered that it was the custom of her country, I rather liked it.

We had a little maraschino—which I knew to be good, for I had paid Johnson and Justerini a guinea a bottle for it—and then left the little villa on our return: for town, where my friend had invited me to dine at Long's. Mr. Markwell gave us a most excellent little dinner for four, and his wines are first-rate. We did not sit long over the wine, but, as shorts are not permitted at Long's we retired to Harduppe's chambers to have a rubber, but not before I had lent my friend a check to cover our expenses then incurred, and a small bill that had been standing for some months.

I lost a mere trifle at whist, and passed an agreeable evening. There was no disputing the excellency of the Regent's punch, which we drank with Hudson's cigars at £4 4s. per pound; for Frazer told me, when I called to pay him twelve shillings a pint for it, that he always presided over the amalgamation of it himself.

Poor Toofast Harduppe was not so lucky as I had been. He never won a rubber all the evening, and I was obliged to fill up another check for £40 to pay his score. It was a debt of honour, and he did not like to put off the payment of it until his rents became due. I must say, his tenants do not pay very punctually, at least not for the last twelvemonth in which I have had the honour of his acquaintance. I do not believe, for so he tells me, that during the whole of that period he has received one farthing from his estates. In what county he said they were, I really forgot.

I am very particular in money matters, and before going to bed I make up my accounts. I thought I had not made a very bad day of it that day, as, upon looking over my books I found that I had advanced Mr. Toofast Harduppe £420, which, at five per cent. gave me an addition to my income of £21 per annum; whereas, had I invested it in the three per cents. I should only have got £12 odd for it. How calmly did I sleep that night.

I did not see my friend Toofast Harduppe all the next day, although I called at his chambers several times. His servant told me that he had gone out with two men, for he could not call them gentlemen, they looked more like horse-dealers, than any thing else, soon after he was up that morning. Whither they went he could not tell.

I felt sure something unpleasant was going to happen. I had a *présentiment*, as the French call it, and it was soon realized, in the shape of a note, which ran thus:

"Queen's Bench, Wednesday.
Dear Brutus Grumps,—Here I am. Inquire for eleven in ten, and come and dine with me to-morrow at five, as you are locked in at nine if you don't turn out before. Spavin has done it all! I mean to take the benefit of the act, but of course you won't prove, and I'll pay you afterwards.

"Yours, very truly,
TOOFAST HARDUPPE."
"Very hard of Spavin, I must say," said I to myself, "and I can't quite understand it, as I gave him a check for his account only yesterday. Prove—if course I shall not prove, and I know Harduppe will pay me honourably."

Well, though I smoked an extra cigar that night, I could not sleep soundly. I thought of my friend in his cell, with all the horrors of a prison about him—chains, fetters, overgrown keys, and apoplectic padlocks, grim-visaged keepers, and cruel, unfeeling turnkeys haunted me. Had it not been for the lobster-salad which I ate just before I went to bed, I should have had nothing to console me.

I was very feverish next day, and felt quite ill, when Pumpkinson, my legal friend, came to call upon me. He sat by my bedside and told me, with a sort of *heigho! triumphe* air, that "I was done brown." He enumerated the amounts of poor Harduppe's debts, and gave me all the interesting particulars of his case. He mentioned several sums as unpaid which I knew were paid, for I had

discharged them myself. He told me that his notes of hand payable on demand were not worth a dump, and that what I had advanced for Miss Julie, Mr. Spavin, and others, was a mere *draw*,—that I had been duped by a set of swindlers, of whom my friend (he laid a horribly malicious emphasis on the word) was incomparably the greatest.

I smiled in my sleeve to think what a vast surprise it would have been to him had I shown him my poor friend's letter (the epistle of my imprisoned and much maligned companion, now suffering all the horrible torments of a debtor's cell, including a crust and cold water,) containing his promise to pay me *all* after he had got through his little difficulties. I did not show it him, however, for I felt indignant at his mistrustfulness.

At four o'clock I took my seat in an Elephant and Castle omnibus, and whispered to the cab, as I got in at the Silver Cross Charing Cross, to put me down at the nearest point leading to the Queen's Bench. He did so, and I arrived at a sort of lobby, and, as I entered it, two very sharp-looking individuals eyed me from head to foot, and one of them, by accident of course, ran his hand over my cloak, which I had put on, warm as the weather was, as a sort of disguise. On enquiring for Mr. Harduppe, eleven in ten, a very polite man offered to show me to his room, he did not call it his *cell*.

I followed him, and paid him the shilling which he informed me was the usual fee. I knocked at the door and was admitted. I entered, I must say, with a got-up expression of sympathy for my friend's sufferings on my countenance, but it vanished when I saw him playing at cribbage on a sort of camp bedstead with Mr. Q. Mace, and Mr. Spavin,—the man "who had done it all."

Harduppe shook me kindly by the hand, and re-introduced me to Mr. Q. as "an insider" like himself, and to Mr. Spavin as "a most respectable horse-dealer, who had been kind enough to come over and see him." As this latter introduction was given with a peculiar wink, I knew it was meant *per contra*, so I received Mr. Spavin very coldly.

"Mace, call Dolly," said Harduppe.

He did so, and a dirty, fat Irish charwoman made her appearance.

"Dinner, Dolly," said my friend.

"By the powers thin, why not call me Doll, capthin, as ye was used to do when ye was in before?" said the lady.

I looked an interrogative "before?"

"You mean, Doll, when I used to call and see Mr. O'Reilly," said my friend, and I saw him wink, and Dolly play second to it.

"In course your honour. I manes that, and nothing but that—but y'all be for your dhinner?"

Dolly ran away, and in a few minutes the table cloth, which was not over clean, had its surface covered with a quarter of lamb and vegetables, to which we all of us did justice.

"Come," said Harduppe, "as dinner is over, let us light up. We have as much tobacco as we please, and an unlimited order on the fountain pump. So light up and let's be jolly upon *aqua pura*, which is Latin for Adam's ale."

I had had but one glass of porter, for we had but a quart among four of us, and I found the cigar did not relish, but made me feel rather qualmish. I suppose I turned a little pale, for my friend asked me what was the matter.

"I am not used," said I, "to smoke a cigar without a little spirits and water, or a little negus."

"Then you must put your pipe out, for you cannot get any thing here," said Harduppe.

"There is only one way," suggested Mr. Q. Mace.

"Ah! but there's a risk attending it," said Harduppe.

"Not with a respectable-looking man," said Mace.

"Who wears a cloak," said Spavin.

"What is it?" said I, "only tell me, and I'll do it." I looked at Harduppe for a solution of this difficulty.

"By an outsider's bringing it in, and risking three months' imprisonment," said my friend, seriously.

I was staggered at this, and looked so.

"There is not much danger," said Spavin, "if you get a 'pothecary's vial and have it labelled stomachy tinker."

"Or eye-water," said Mace. "A pint would do at one journey, and any sharp man could go two or three times."

"I'll try it," said I, "for I really felt for the poor prisoners who had been used to smoke—but not a *dry* cigar. "I will do it."

I was cloaked with as much zeal as if my valet was dressing me. I walked calmly out, bowing politely to the keepers of the gate. I rushed to a neighbouring doctor's-shop—got a bottle, large and flat, labelled "lotion for the eyes," and then ran to a neighbouring public-house, and had it filled with the best brandy—not British. I put it carefully in my inside coat-pocket, and walking to the door again, crossed the first lobby into the inner one, merely observing that I had left my gloves behind me.

"Excuse me, sir," said one of the sharp-looking men, "but you have got a little dirt on your cloak; allow me to rub it off."

I felt as if I should have fainted.

"Why, bless me, Thomas, if the gent has not got something heavy here. Put your hand in and pull it out."

Thomas dived as quick as thought under my cloak; out came the fatal fluid; a fly settling on my nose would have knocked me down.

"Lotion for the eyes—hem! Let us taste it," said Thomas.

"It is poison," said I; "prussic acid and arsenic."

"I'll risk it," said the keeper. "Very fair cognac indeed. Try it, Abraham."

"Capital," said Abraham; "but we must cork up the rest for the governor."

"This way," said Thomas, and I was hurried through the gate to the governor's house.

He, the governor, smiled a Schedoni smile at me as Abraham told his tale, and produced the eye-water in evidence against me. I did not deny my folly—for I could not call it a crime—but pleaded guilty to the charge of having conveyed, or rather sought to convey, spirits into prison. Could I do otherwise when I had been caught in *ipso facto*? No. I threw myself on my knees, and on the mercy of the court; but it had no mercy upon me. I was carried—for I was too nervous and agitated to walk—before a J. P., and sentenced to three months imprisonment—three long tedious calendar months—and for what? merely for endeavouring to relieve a friend who was suffering from want of spirits.

I wrote to Pumpkinson to tell him of what had befallen me, and sent the note by a special messenger, promising him a sovereign if he would bring me an answer before I was carried off in the van. He returned very quickly, and brought me, not a written communication, but my legal adviser *propter personam*. I felt more pleasure at his appearance then, than I had ever felt before;

for I generally dreaded a visit from him as portending something unpleasant; now he seemed like my guardian angel, and I took his proffered hand and shook it violently. He returned the shake sharply, but shortly, and without asking me a question, for my note and my messenger had explained every thing—he begged to speak with the committing magistrate in private.

His request was granted as soon as the J. P. had looked at his card—for Pumpkinson is well known as a most respectable solicitor. As the two passed through a side-door into the private apartment, I felt a spark of hope scintillating in my bosom, which was fanned into a little flame of joy, by my messenger, who, as he pocketed my sovereign, whispered,

"It's all right—the beak will be talked over."

And so he was. He returned into court and having resumed his chair ordered me, Brutus Grumps, to be "put up again." I required no putting up, but rushed willingly to the place assigned to criminals, for I felt that I was resented if not reprieved.

"Young man," said the J. P., "your friend and solicitor, Mr. Pumpkinson, has explained to me the gross imposition that has been practised upon you by a designing set of men. It appears from his statement that you are naturally a very soft one."

"A what?" said I.

"A very soft one—that is, not possessed of sufficient strength of mind to guard against the machinations of beings unworthy of the name of men. You are free—go home, and act more wisely for the future."

"What is there to pay?" I inquired; for I had always heard that justice was sold, and rather dear.

Abraham and his man whispered simultaneously that, "they should leave it to my generosity as a perfect *gent*."

I was preparing to hand over a sovereign to each of them when my legal adviser interfered, frowned down my persecutors, and led me off, whispering to me rather too audibly, for several people laughed at the remark,

"Not to make a greater ass of myself than I had done."

I felt overwhelmed with gratitude to my friend Pumpkinson, and to show it, offered to stand a champagne dinner at Long's. He declined the offer and bade me go to my chambers, and reflect on the past over a chop and a jug of toast and water. He promised me, as he left me in the cab, to call upon me in the morning, and let a little daylight into my darkened mind as to the real posture of my pecuniary affairs.

I felt that I was about to hear all manner of unpleasantries in the morning, and resolved to get up courage enough to meet them manfully, by enjoying myself for that evening. I dressed and went out; ordered a capital little spread at Dubourg's, and after a bottle or two of claret, went to the theatre.

There I met Spavin and tried to cut him, but he was so good-natured as to take a seat in the box by my side, and to explain to me the plot of the play, and tell me the names of all who had parts in it, that I could not refuse his invitation to join him in a bit of supper at a house where he was well known. I do not know what the name of the house was, but it was not far from the Haymarket, and every thing was remarkably nice, and the wine, sparkling Burgundy, was particularly good; but so very strong that I fell asleep soon after supper—I believe—for I know nothing of what happened to me until I found myself walking from a painful sort of stupor under the table of the upstairs room in which we had supped. I rang for a waiter, and asked what was to pay. He told me in reply, that Mr. Spavin had settled the bill. I walked down stairs, very much pleased with Spavin's gentlemanly conduct, and as it was broad daylight, and I was in my dress-suit, I jumped into a cab, told the driver where to set me down, and to my surprise, fell into a deep sleep again, from which I was roused by the cabman, who shook me like a dose of medicine.

I told my valet to pay cabby his fare, and gave him an extra shilling for the trouble he had had in waking me, and rushed to my rooms, when, to my surprise and dismay, I found it wanted but a quarter to nine, at which hour my friend Pumpkinson had promised to be at my rooms to breakfast.

"Breakfast for two instantly," said I to James. "And give me my morning dress—take the things carefully out of my pockets—hand me my purse, and see to the breakfast arrangements as quickly as you can."

"Purse sir? where was it?" asked James.

"In the left side pocket of my trousers it is," said I.

"Nothing of the sort either left side or right."

"Try the waistcoat."

"Nothing there, sir, but a *theyater* check."

"Then it must be in one of my coat-pockets," said I.

"There is a card-case and a handkerchief and that's all," said James, holding up the articles to my view.

"Never mind," said I. "I dare say I left it in my desk when I went out. Go and see about breakfast."

James went as I bade him. When he was gone, I began to "try back" upon all the proceedings of the past night, and could not but remember that I had my purse safe when I paid Dubourg's dinner-bill and my admission to the little theatre in the Haymarket. Whilst I was ruminating painfully on the possibility of having been robbed by the cabman or the waiter—for to suspect Spavin never once entered my thoughts—I fell asleep again, and was roused by my valet, who came in to say that Mr. Pumpkinson was waiting for his breakfast. I was very nervous and very heavy with sleep, and would have given worlds to be allowed to go to bed for a few hours; but I resolved to conquer the feeling, and after plunging my head into a basin of cold water, and shuffling on a morning-dress, I hurried in to join my friend.

I felt that he was eyeing me attentively all breakfast-time, although he pretended to be applying himself to his roll and coffee, and as soon as he had finished, and James had removed the cloth, he pulled out a huge bundle of papers and made me very uncomfortable, in a short time, by proving to me that I had spent considerably more of my income than I ought to have spent, considering that I could only touch the interest and not the principal of my fortune.

"In what must this end?" said he. "In borrowing and ruin."

"Pooh, pooh! my dear fellow," said I, cheerfully. "I will retire into the country and pull up."

"Ay," Mr. Brutus Grumps, "ay, sir, pull up and spend a quiet evening or two, such as you did last night."

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Read that," said Pumpkinson, placing the *Times* in my hand, and pointing with his long white finger to a particular paragraph. I read it thus:

"Information was brought to our office at an early hour this morning, that Mr. Ringbone Spavin, the celebrated *leg* and horse-dealer, had levanted, leaving all his debts on the Derby and Oaks unsettled. It is said that he acquired the means of setting out on his travels by *hocussing* a very soft young man, and robbing him of his purse, at a house not far from Bury-street. We are happy to be able to add that he, in a most gentlemanly way, paid for the supper and

wines before he left. The name of the harrassed gentleman is said to be Mr. Brutus Grumps, whose appearance before a magistrate for trying to convey spirits into the Queen's Bench for the benefit of that notorious scamp, Mr. Toofast Harduppe, excited so much amusement yesterday."

I was quite confounded—I had not a word to say for myself, although I felt convinced that both Spain and myself had been grossly calumniated.

Pumpkinson read me a long lecture, and gave me a great deal of excellent advice, but I was so sleepy, I have but a faint recollection of what he said. He left me, apparently annoyed, if not disgusted, and I went to my bed—from which I did not rise for some weeks—for I was ill—wretchedly ill—and the doctor said I must have been taking some poisonous narcotic or other, which had well nigh "cooked my goose for me"—an expression that implies, I believe, the same meaning as that we used at Rotherwick—"settled my hash."

On my partial recovery I was ordered to leave town for a time, and try country air and exercise. I hired a furnished cottage at Fulham, on the river's brink, and soon became very fond of boating and sailing about on the river, in which I was encouraged by the watermen, who, whenever I treated them to little London porter, never failed to assure me that I sculled as well as any of the Leanders', and sailed closer on a wind than any man on the river.

These amusements were very agreeable and economical too—far more so than riding and driving, for boats don't eat as horses do, and it's only the prime cost, and a little outlay now and then for paint, a broken scull, a mast or spar carried away, that you have to provide for. Pumpkinson was quite pleased as he heard my plans, saw my way of living, and sailed about in my little cutter. Indeed I never saw him make himself more agreeable, until I landed him at the Red House at Battersea, where I had invited all the Fulham and Putney watermen, with their wives and children to a little bit of supper.

What a lecture he did read me on my softness and extravagance! In vain I explained to him that I had only ordered three or four legs of mutton with trimmings and London porter—he pished and pshawed, bounced out of the long room, and left me to enjoy my friends' company as well as I could—which I did very much. I say friends advisedly, for they behaved as friends, and saw me safe home and put to bed, without so much as wronging me of a shilling, which they might easily have done, as—I am sorry to say it—the number of speeches I made, caused me to feel thirsty, and take more fluid than I ought to have done.

Well, after I had been at Fulham about six months, I received a very unexpected visit from my old friend, Toofast Harduppe, with whom I had been forbidden to correspond by Mr. Pumpkinson. I was sitting at my luncheon when he entered with a lady leaning on his arm in whom I could not fail to recognise Mademoiselle Julie. I was so confounded by the unexpected appearance of the pair, that I did not rise to do the polites as I ought to have done, but sat staring at them, until Harduppe came forward and shaking me by the hand, begged leave to introduce me to Mrs. Harduppe.

Could I do less than congratulate them on their union, and wish them a long life and a merry one? No. I did so, and begged them to join me at luncheon. They did; and we passed a couple of very happy hours, during the whole of which the lady continued to eat and drink, and her husband to explain to me all that had happened to him since we met.

It appeared that he had settled with his creditors, by sacrificing his landed property among them, and, as he was unwilling to lead an idle life and appeal to his rich relations for support, he had set up in the lace trade—a business in which his wife—whom he had married through gratitude to her for her unremitting attentions to him while in prison—was fully capable of assisting him, as it had been her occupation in early life, before she went upon the boards of the theatre.

"And how does the trade answer?" I inquired.

"Admirably," said Harduppe; "if I had but a larger capital, I could realise a larger fortune than that which I have sacrificed to my creditors, in a very few months."

Julie merely said "sans doute."

"I could afford to give forty per cent. for a loan," said Harduppe.

I would willingly have lent him a thousand for half the interest, but Pumpkinson had so managed me, that I could only touch the interest of my property, and that monthly, and so I informed Harduppe, who told me that my name on a bill would do quite as well as cash.

"Sans doute," said Julie. "In ma countries there is more names as cash in business. You will put your pretty leetle main to the leetle pit of paper pour mon marie, n'est ce pas?"

I positively refused, in spite of Julie's insinuating ways.

"For although," said I, "I am always ready to lend a real friend money upon very small interest, if I have it by me, I never did, nor ever will, put my name to a bill."

Toofast Harduppe in vain assured me that he would meet the bill when due, and that I should have no trouble in the business beyond the mere signing of it. I was firm, and refused; for although I may be a little soft in some matters, I am not so soft as to put my name to a bill. No, no.

He offered me a share in the business, as a security, if I would only consent, but I was not going to turn tradesman after having been brought up at a public school and living as a gentleman, and so I told him.

"Well then," said he, "since you cannot help me by adding to my capital, although it would be of great advantage to yourself, you can and I know will aid me in a little matter, which will be of essential service to me, and very little trouble or inconvenience to you."

I promised to do any thing for him but put my name to a bill.

"You have a yacht?" said he.

I nodded assent, and pointed to where she was lying.

"Did you ever take a sail below bridge?"

"Yes, of course; I white-bait at Greenwich and Blackwall frequently," said I, "and sail there and back."

"You never sailed to Gravesend?—too far for a little thing of about six tons."

"Eight tons," said I. "I have thought of running over to France in her."

"Try Gravesend first," said Harduppe; "run down there to-morrow—the tide will serve, and the wind too, if it stays where it is. You will find it a delightful trip, and be able to render me the little service I alluded to—or I ought rather to say to render a service to Madame Harduppe—for it is merely to bring a very small parcel ashore."

"Oh! so var small—so small as that," cried Julie, making the likeness of a diminutive parcel with the end of her shawl.

"From the French schooner, the La Lune, which you will find lying off Tilbury Fort. I will give you a note to the captain, who is a great friend of Julie's, and will give you some excellent wines and a bed on board. If you

could so contrive it as to lay alongside of him about an hour after dusk it would be better, as he would be sure to come on board."

"And is that all?" said I.

"That is all; except to deliver what he will give you safe into Julie's hand. It is a wedding present from one of her relations."

"I may rely upon you," said Toofast, as he put his hat upon his head, and shook hands with me at my garden-gate.

"You may," said I. "I promise."

"Not a word to Pumpkinson," shouted Harduppe from the bottom of the lane.

"Not a word," I replied.

Well, morning came, and I was glad to find the wind still favourable. I got on board at an early hour and started, and as soon as I had cleared the bridges and the pool, I put on every stitch of canvass the boat would carry, and sailed rapidly down the river. I went ashore at Erith and dined early, meaning to get to Gravesend about dusk, and sup with Captain Constant on board the La Lune.

I managed very cleverly to get on board just as it was growing dark. I handed in Harduppe's note, and the captain came up upon deck to the gangway, and in excellent English welcomed me on board. By his advice, I sent James, with the yacht, ashore off Tilbury, where there is a comfortable inn near the ferry, with orders to be alongside just as day broke in the morning, or a little before if possible.

We had a nice little fish supper, some capital claret, and a little very fine *eau de vie*. I did not exceed in the least, but by Captain Constant's advice turned in early in order to be fitted for rising early in the morning.

There were two berths in the cabin, one on each side, opposite to each other. The cabin was lighted by a swinging lamp suspended between the two. I turned in and tried to sleep, but either the French cookery did not agree with me, or the lapping of the waves against the clinker-built sides of the schooner, prevented me from falling off at once into a sound nap as I generally do.

As I lay awake I saw the captain spring out of his berth, and after looking at me steadily, as if to ascertain that I was asleep, lift up the upper bed-clothes and rip up the side of his mattress, and extract from it a mass of something white, which he wrapped up with great care in a silk handkerchief, and put into my carpet-bag—my *sac de nuit*. He then sewed up the side of his mattress again, and slipped into bed.

I fell asleep, wondering what Julie's parcel could contain, requiring so much care and secrecy, and was roused again before I seemed to have had any sleep at all, and told that my yacht was alongside. I went on deck with the captain, who had prepared some coffee for me while I slept. I thanked him for his kindness and shook hands with him, after he had told me that I should find Julie's parcel at the bottom of my *sac de nuit*, which he carried up for me as all the crew were asleep, except one, who was keeping watch upon deck.

Just as I got off from the schooner's sides, and had hoisted all sails, I saw another man appear on her deck, who in a most impudent tone, ordered me to lay to. I am not to be bullied in that way by any body, so I turned my boat's head into the tide, and away I went. James told me he thought the man who had hailed me was a custom house officer, but I did not care a fig for that.

As the wind was rather against us, we had to make several tacks before we could round the point, and just as we did so, I saw a four-oared boat pulling right into us. I shouted out, "Look ahead;" but on they came straight for us, although I jammed the helm down as hard as I could.

"Look ahead, you lubbers," I cried, just as the boat was laid alongside of me, and the man who had been steering her sprang on board.

"I say, though—this is my boat—my private property—I'll trouble you—"

"And I will trouble you for your carpet-bag," said the man, very civilly.

It was lying on the top of the half-deck, and he very coolly took it up and opened it, and then turned out every thing, including Julie's present.

"This is it," said he, opening the parcel. "Ah! as I thought—splendid Valenciennes lace—not a bad morning's work. I'll trouble you to step aboard our boat, sir, and I will take charge of your yacht, and be at Gravesend nearly as soon as you."

To cut a long story short, I was convicted of smuggling lace, in which trade Harduppe and Mademoiselle Julie—for she was no more Madame Harduppe than I was—had long been engaged. I lost my yacht, and had to pay a large sum of money; and but for my true friend Pumpkinson, should have fared worse than I did. Since then, I have been living quietly in the country with my new yacht, which Pumpkinson bought for me upon the condition that I would not venture within fifty miles of London, nor correspond with Harduppe as long as he remained in England.

Thus ended Brutus Grumps's story just as we landed at Swanage and sought that comfortable inn, the Ship, kept by as jolly an old sailor as ever had the gout, and called it a sprained ankle. I stayed a few days with Brutus, gave him the best advice I could, and got him to put me ashore in Portsmouth harbour.

In a few months I saw in a London paper that Mr. Toofast Harduppe was transported for fifteen years for borrowing a gentleman's nag without his permission; and in the same paper, by a strange chance, the marriage of Mr. Brutus Grumps to Miss Georgina Pumpkinson. I concluded that the lawyer had wisely thought that the best thing he could do to save a nice snug property, was to appoint a guardian for life over a man who had on so many occasions proved himself such a very soft one.

TRAVELS IN KORDOFAN.

BY IGNATIUS PALLME

A Bohemian by birth, and connected with one of the mercantile houses established by the Austrian manufacturers in Cairo, Ignatius Pallme visited in 1837 the most distant portion of the countries under the government of the Viceroy of Egypt, for the purpose of exploring new channels of traffic with Central Africa. Few European travellers have penetrated to the southern regions which Mr. Pallme visited; still fewer have returned:—

"The climate is very unhealthy, especially during the rainy season: no hut is then, indeed, to be met with in which there are not, at least, several sick. In the dry season, again, all disease disappears: at this time, however, not only man, but all living creatures, suffer from the extreme heat. The eye then rests with melancholy on the desolate and parched plains, trophies of the victory of the heat over animated nature, where nothing is to be seen but bones of men and animals bleached by the burning sun. During the whole of this season, which endures about eight months, the sky is clear and cloudless, and the heat is insupportable, especially in the months of April and May. From eleven o'clock A. M. to three P. M., when the thermometer stands, in the shade, at 38deg. or even at 40deg. Reaumur (117deg. to 122deg. Fahrenheit), it is

impossible for any breathing creature to remain in the open air. Every living being, both men and cattle, with equal eagerness, seek the shade to protect themselves from the scorching rays of a fierce sun. Man sits, during these hours, as if in a vapour bath; his cheerfulness of disposition declines, and he is almost incapable of thought: listless, and with absence of mind he stares vacantly before him, searching in vain for a cool spot. The air breathed is hot as if it proceeded from a heated furnace, and acts in so enervating a manner on the animal economy that it becomes a trouble to move a limb. All business ceases, everything is wrapped in a sleep of death, until the sun gradually sinks, and the cool air recalls men and animals again into life and activity. The nights, on the other hand, are so sharp that it is necessary to be more careful in guarding against the effects of cold in this country than in the northern parts of Europe; for the consequences frequently prove fatal. During the dry season everything in nature appears desolate and dismal; the plants are burnt up; the trees lose their leaves and appear like brooms; no bird is heard to sing; no animal delights to disport in the gladness of its existence; every living being creeps to the forest to secrete itself, seeking shelter from the fearful heat; save that, now and then, an ostrich will be seen traversing the desert fields, in flying pace, or a giraffe hastening from one oasis to another. * * When I arrived at Lobeid," says the writer, "I only found one single European living. Dr. Iken, whom I have before mentioned, a native of Hanover, who, like most of the Europeans, after a short residence there paid his tribute to the climate. He is buried in the court of his own house, which is situated in the quarter or village of Takarir, near the residence of the sultan Abumedin of Danfur. The government has appropriated his house to themselves, and converted it into a magazine for leather. Seven other Europeans, besides Dr. Iken, breathed their last at Lobeid, and are buried on the north side of the hospital square. I planted a tree on each grave, and had already fixed upon a place of rest near them. After I had recovered from my dangerous illness in a slight measure, and was just able to creep along with the assistance of a stick, my favourite promenade was to those graves; they were the only relics of Europeans I could find in that distant country, and I was under the influence of a peculiar feeling when arriving at those hillocks; I knew myself in the company of Europeans, although departed from this world; I fancied myself in reality in their presence, and I could have believed that they were listening with sympathy to my soft complaints, heard my longing voice for my distant fatherland, and were congratulating me on my recovery and speedy departure from this country, so fatal to Europeans. When I paid my last visit to this spot I was overpowered by that same feeling we experience when parting with our friends. * * In all my travels," observes the writer, "I never met with any country where the climate is so unhealthy, and where there is such a variety of disease as in Kordofan. Every one in the province, natives and strangers, more or less succumb to this scourge, but the Europeans are the first who fall victims. Two-thirds of the white men who visit these regions may be with certainty regarded as sacrificed."

The volume opens with the history of the conquest of Kordofan in 1821, by the son-in-law of Mohammed Ali; the horrors of which appear to have exceeded all former exhibitions of Turkish cruelty; and page after page is filled with anecdotes of the barbarities practised by the Desterdar. The country would seem to have had few attractions to invite conquest beyond the facilities it afforded for Mohammed Ali's slave hunts. Lobeid, the capital, is thus described:—

"Lobeid, or Labayet, as it is also termed, is a town composed of several villages, from one of which it neither differs in its external appearance nor internal arrangements, excepting, perhaps, in being of greater extent. The houses, like those of the villages, are mere huts of straw; some few of them are, indeed, built of clay, but not one single house is of stone. * * I estimate the number of inhabitants, exclusive of the military, at 12,000 souls. The houses named in the language of the country, Tukkoli, are mostly huts, similar to those described on a former occasion. * * Nothing can be more monotonous than the appearance of the town during the dry season, when the detached houses present themselves with all their defects and meanness, and the scanty trees and gardens offer no diversification of scenery; for the former then stand as bald as brooms, and the latter are not thought of. The burning sand, moreover, serves to remind the traveller that he is in a desert, and there is not the slightest object to be seen that might delight his eye. How marked is the contrast in the rainy season! It is difficult to persuade yourself that it is the same place you have shortly before seen standing in barren nakedness. All those spots, where nothing but sand was to be observed before, are now clad with a most luxuriant verdure, interspersed with the most beautiful flowers. The hedges round the houses are interlaced with a variety of creepers and twining plants, whose variegated flowers afford a most pleasing spectacle. The environs of the houses are cultivated with dokn, which stands so high that the tops of the roofs are only seen projecting beyond it; not a single house can be described at a distance, and the whole country appears like one large forest. The entire town then resembles a park intersected by mazes, rendering it difficult for a stranger to extricate himself, or to find out a particular house. His embarrassment is greatly augmented by the circumstance of their being several thousand of small straw huts, and by the close resemblance of the houses to each other—for all are built alike—so that the stranger experiences much trouble in even recognizing the house he may be lodging in. But all this is in its way unique, and diverts the eye. The traveller wanders with pleasure through these thousands and thousands of intricate paths, and is delighted at every step with the beautiful variations in the scene."

Duelling is a common practice among the Dongolavi, who have migrated into Kordofan; but the mode in which they settle their affairs of honour is rather more rational than that which has been adopted in what are considered civilized countries:—

"The duel takes place in an open space, in presence of all their friends and comrades, who act as seconds, or rather as umpires. An angareb (bedstead) is placed in the middle of the field of battle: the two combatants strip, and binding their shirts round their loins, each man places his foot close to the edge of the couch, the breadth of which simply separates them from each other. A whip, made of one solid thong of the hide of the hippopotamus, is handed to each, and attempts to reconcile them are again resumed. If both parties, however, prove obstinate, or their sense of honour be too deeply implicated, for either to yield, the signal for battle is at last given. He who is entitled to the first blow, now inflicts a severe lash on the body of his adversary, who instantly returns the compliment, and thus the conflict is kept up, blow for blow, with great regularity. The head must not be struck. The manner in which they lacerate each other is perfectly frightful; for the blows are dealt with the utmost severity, and the weapon is sufficiently formidable to cause an immense ecchymosis with the very first stripe,—with the third or fourth blow the blood begins to flow most copiously. Not the slightest expression of pain is uttered

by either party, and the umpires remain cool spectators of the scene. Thus the duellists persevere with their barbarous cruelty, until the one or the other overcome with pain, or exhausted with fatigue, throws down his whip, whereupon the victor does the same, and both shake hands in sign of mutual satisfaction. Their comrades now rend the air with their exclamations of joy, and congratulate them on their reconciliation; their lacerated backs are washed with water, and the affair terminates with a copious libation of merissa, sundry jugs of which had been provided beforehand for the occasion."

We suspect that the introduction of the whip instead of the sword or pistol, would cool the ardour of many of the heroes of Chalk-farm or the Bois de Boulogne. The Dongolavi are the chief merchants of Kordofan; but the account which Pallme gives of their character, is not likely to recommend them as desirable customers:—

"They are the greatest liars on the face of the earth, for truth never proceeds from their mouths; they will, indeed, rather allow themselves to be murdered than speak the truth, especially if their interests be concerned. In trading with them, they should never be trusted with cash, which would be irrecoverably lost, for they will part with their wives and children rather than with money. They know no gratitude, and understand merely how to flatter. If a person accept anything of them, he may rest assured that they will demand, at least, twice as much as it is worth on the following day."

Our poet, in his 'Ode on the Power of Sound,'

"Blest be the song that lightens,

The peasant's toil!" &c.

might have mentioned the poor slave-girl of Kordofan.

"Every family possesses an additional hut (called 'moraka'), in which the flour necessary for the consumption of the house is ground. This operation is performed in a hollow stone, a species of rude mortar, which is fixed into the ground, whilst a girl, generally a slave, reduces the grain ('dokn') with another cylindrical stone to a powder. In a family consisting of eight persons, one girl would be occupied throughout the whole year in grinding the necessary quantity of corn. This simple labour requires great exertion, and is only to be performed by girls who have attained their fourteenth year, younger children being unequal to the task. Even grown persons suffer considerably in this occupation; for it requires no slight exertion to roll a heavy stone all day long. Their songs are, certainly, merely expressive of their desire to escape, or of longing after their homes. The chaunts are very peculiar, and, with few exceptions, the impromptu pouring-forth of the feelings of the singer, according to the custom prevalent over nearly the whole of the East."

In the deserts around Kordofan, we are told that some tribes exist three months without water, using in its stead the juice of the water-melon which Nature supplies abundantly at the precise season when the wells become dry;—

"Kordofan has no flowing rivers; during the rainy season, some few running streams are formed, but these dry up as quickly as they appear. There are several lakes, or large ponds, in the country, among which those at Arat, Birget, Ketshmar, and Caccia, are the most considerable; in the latter, many leeches are found; but the other stagnant waters, which are generated during the rainy season, quickly evaporate, and only those above-named contain water throughout the year. * * There are certain districts in Kordofan, the agricultural population of which inhabit two different villages in the year; for even in several of the most fertile tracts of land, water is at times entirely wanting, more especially during the dry season. Whole villages, therefore, are frequently necessitated to reinstate themselves in localities a few miles distant from their former place of residence, where they find wells. The whole of their domestic utensils will not overload an ox, hence an emigration of this nature is quickly effected, and without much difficulty."

It is perhaps more surprising to find that other tribes are almost equally inconvenienced by the difficulty of procuring fire:—

"A Shilluk told me that in his village, which was situated at a distance of ten hours' march from any other inhabited spot, they were once not able to produce a fire during twenty days. The inhabitants had made frequent attempts to transport a burning branch from the nearest locality, and had lighted more than fifty fires in the intervening space, in order to bring it gradually into their own village; but the showers had, on four different occasions, frustrated their endeavours when they were on the point of succeeding. Soft wood is useless for procuring a light, and there was no hard wood in that neighbourhood. I was myself once put to a very great inconvenience whilst at Lobeid for want of a flint, for there was not one to be purchased in the bazaar at any price; my servant, however, soon invented a remedy; he went up to a soldier, a Shilluk of course, and bought the flint of his musket, which he unscrewed whilst on duty, and delivered at the high price of four-pence halfpenny."

As the Shilluks and some other tribes are not yet acquainted with the use of fire-arms, it is not easy to comprehend how they have acquired their fame for skill and success in destroying beasts of prey. The description given of their mode of killing the lion is curious:—

"They trace out the lair where one of these animals generally takes its noon-day repose; but the nature of the ground must be such that the tree under which it sleeps is isolated, or at least somewhat distant from the other trees. If the ground be advantageous, the negro betakes himself to the scene of action four hours before mid-day, and climbs the tree opposite to that under which the animal takes its nap. During this time he knows the lion to be out in search of prey, and is sure that he will return to indulge in his siesta when the heat increases, between ten and eleven o'clock. The lion does not trouble himself about the business of the man on the tree, even if he should happen to see him; and his adversary remains perfectly quiet till between twelve and one. The huntsman is furnished with a sackful of small stones, and a few sharp spears. When the sand on the ground is burning hot, so that animals even cannot walk about, the hunter begins to pelt the lion with stones, always aiming at his head, and the negroes are very expert marksmen. The proud king of the beasts utterly disregards the first three or four stones, and does not consider it even worth his while to rise; but the blows upon his head thickening, and being, perhaps, hit in the eye, the audacity appears too great to be borne with patience, and he sets up a frightful roar as a signal of revenge—With one leap he is at the foot of the tree on which the disturber of his rest is perched, but receives a lance in his body; his roar now becomes more terrific, not that the wound is so irritating to him at this moment as the burning sand painful to his feet, and he retires once more to his lair. Another stone hits him, he becomes furious, makes a second charge at the tree, and is welcomed by one, two, or more spears. He now takes to flight, yelling and howling with pain; but the loss of blood soon exhausts his strength, and the huntsman, who keeps him in sight from the tree, has in a very short time, the pleasure of seeing the royal beast stretch its carcase on the plains. * * The number of lions in this province is not very considerable, but they frequently enter villages for prey, and carry away a head of cattle before their visit is even suspected.—

In the day-time they are neither heard nor seen, for they generally lie crouching in a dense covert, or sleeping beneath a shady tree. But early in the morning, as soon as the sun begins to cast its rays on the sandy billows of the desert, the royal animal rises from his lair to sally forth in quest of prey. His voice may then be heard in the distance; it commences with a low murmuring, which gradually increases, until at last it becomes a fearful and terrific roar, like the rolling of thunder, and is audible at a distance of two miles. The whole animal kingdom trembles, and evinces the greatest fear when the king of the beasts is heard; the sheep tremble as if attacked with ague, place their heads together, and endeavour to hide themselves; the horses break out into a sweat with fear; and the dogs hurry away as fast as they can to find a place of refuge. In fine, all the beasts are seized with the most unequivocal terror when the lion makes his approach known. Should a caravan happen to be near the spot, it is impossible to keep the camels together, they leap about in all directions, and are scattered abroad under the influence of fear, I myself once had an opportunity of witnessing a scene of this kind. On arriving in my travels at the wells of Semmeria, we suddenly heard a murmuring noise afar, resembling the rolling of balls in an empty barrel; but we were soon acquainted with its true cause when it gradually increased to that terrible thunder-like roar. With the first perception of this noise, the camels belonging to our caravan suddenly took fright, and instantly separated in all directions. The men and the cases were thrown off, and if one of the riders happened to keep his seat at the first alarm, he was subsequently necessitated to leap down to avoid being felled by the branches of the trees; for we were unfortunately near a forest of mimosas, and every one was in danger of being torn by their large spines. This confusion, however, did not last long, for the lion took quite an opposite direction to the route of our caravan; but a whole day was lost in collecting the goods that had been thrown off, or torn down by the trees, and one of the camels strayed to a great distance."

The hunting of the giraffe has been of late years pursued with great earnestness, in consequence of the high price which the animals bring in Alexandria. It is an enterprise requiring more skill than courage, and differs but little from the lassoing of wild horses in South America:-

"Generally speaking, two horsemen provided with one or two camels laden with a supply of provender and water sufficient for a few days, proceed into the desert frequented by the giraffes. The camels are left at an appropriate place, whilst the riders reconnoitre the country until they come upon the track of an animal. Great experience is now requisite to distinguish whether the trace be of to-day or yesterday, or of a yet older date. If it be recent, and that of a young animal, it is immediately followed up, and the huntsman may make sure of gaining a sight of their prey in a few hours. As soon as the giraffe is in view, the run instantly takes place, for the animal, very timid by nature, seeks refuge in flight, and indeed with extraordinary fleetness. Everything now depends on the dexterity of the rider, and acuity of his horse.—They must do all in their power to gain upon the game they have started, an endeavour which is the more readily to be effected, as the giraffe never takes a straight course, but by nature timid, doubles, in the fear of its life, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, and is thus quickly overtaken by the horsemen. Having come up with the young animal pursued, the rider casts a lasso over its head; his throw but seldom fails, and in the worst case must be repeated. He then attaches the end of the rope to his saddle, drags the animal as closely as he can to his horse, and thus the capture is effected. But now a steady and patient horse, well broken to its work, is again necessary for the further transport; for the horse must resist the animal's efforts, or give way to them (for it pulls and jumps in all directions) in conveying it to the nearest village, which the huntsmen endeavour to reach as quick as they possibly can. A she-camel should stand in readiness there to give the young giraffe milk, with which it is fed before being weaned to grass or hay. This treatment must be subsequently followed, and even full-grown giraffes should receive milk daily as drink, if it be in any way possible."

Great difficulty is experienced in bringing the giraffes alive to Alexandria, for they appear to be among the most tender of animals, and hence arises the high price which they bear in the market. The animals are sometimes chased for the sake of their skins; Pallme has tasted the flesh, and declares it to be agreeable and nutritious. He also vindicates the hyena from the charge of ferocity and cruelty, usually brought against it by writers of Natural History, most of whom assert that the animal is untameable:-

"In the court of a house at Lobeid I saw a hyena running about quite domesticated: the children of the proprietor teased it, took the meat thrown to it for food out of its jaws, and put their hands even into its throat, without receiving the least injury. When we took our meals in the open air, to enjoy the breeze, as was our general custom during the hot season, this animal approached the table without fear, snapped up the pieces that were thrown to it, like a dog, and did not evince the slightest symptom of timidity. A full-grown hyena and her two cubs were, on another occasion, brought to me for sale; the latter were carried in arms, as you might carry a lamb, and were not even muzzled. The old one, it is true, had a rope round its snout, but it had been led a distance of twelve miles by one single man without having offered the slightest resistance. The Africans do not even reckon the hyena among the wild beasts of their country, for they are not afraid of it."

LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON.

The Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon. By Horace Twiss, Esq. 3 vols. Murray.

The Chancellorship of England is a great position, and the life of one who occupied it for many years, must of necessity have passed among memorable scenes, remarkable events, and distinguished men. The bar, the senate, the council, the cabinet, the palace, are so many fields of experience and adventure, through which it would seem impossible to pass without collecting large stores, not merely of anecdotal information, but of the higher knowledge of men and affairs, which become afterwards the materials of history. It is not therefore at all surprising that the life of Lord Eldon has proved a work which will interest and gratify the public in no slight degree. Amongst the other sources from which the editor has drawn his information is a MS. book of anecdotes and observations noted down by Lord Eldon in his latter years.

There are two long chapters of school-boy adventures, scrapes, pranks, whippings, and the like disasters, of which it appears that his lordship had so many in his early days, that perhaps they may help to account for the extreme caution which so curiously marked his character in future life. Phrenology will take a hint from the following incident, and immediately institute a close survey of his Lordship's cranium:-

"The only serious disaster which happened to John Scott in his boyhood, was a fall backward, from a window seat, against a desk or bench—so severe, as to lay open his head and leave him insensible on the ground. His intellect

and even his life were for some time despaired of: and to the end of his days there remained a deep indentation near the crown of the skull."

From the Grammar School of Newcastle John Scott was sent to Oxford. But his first journey was to London in a "fly," which was considered a miracle of velocity, as it only took four days and four nights to accomplish the distance! This, however, was full fast enough for the embryo Chancellor, who was charmed by the motto on the coach, "Sat cito si sat bene."

He seems to have instantly adopted this adage as his rule of life. Entering London, he sees a sedan-chair overset, and immediately applies the motto of the Newcastle fly:-

"This, thought I, is more than *sat cito*, and it certainly is not *sat bene*—In short, in all that I have had to do in future life, professional and judicial, I have always felt the effect of this early admonition, on the pannels of the vehicle which conveyed me from school, 'Sat cito si sat bene.' It was the impression of this which made me that deliberative judge—as some have said, too deliberative;—and reflection upon all that is past will not authorize me to deny that, whilst I have been thinking '*sat cito, si sat bene*,' I may not have sufficiently recollect'd whether '*sat bene, si sat cito*' has had its due influence."

The last words show that he was not unconscious of the intellectual defect under which he laboured. Most proverbs are dangerous rules of life, and we would not advise a chancellor to adopt either "*sat cito, si sat bene*," or "*sat bene, si sat cito*."

Here is a picture of Oxford and of a Doctor of Divinity, 1769:-

"In the middle of the last century, Oxford saw at least as much of hard drinking as of hard study. The Anecdote Book tells a story of a Doctor of Divinity, whom Mr. John Scott saw trying, under the influence of some inspiration much stronger than that of the Pierian stream, to make his way to Brasenose College through Radcliffe Square. He had reached the library, a rotunda then without railings, and, unable to support himself except by keeping one hand upon the building, he continued walking round and round, until a friend, coming out of the College, espied the distress of the case, and rescued him from the orbit in which he had been so unsteadily revolving. In days when Doctors of Divinity were thus unguarded in their conviviality, under-graduates could hardly be expected to preserve a very strict temperance. Among the waggeryes of the wine parties, Lord Eldon's Anecdote Book has preserved one, which will put the reader in mind of Swift's English derivations from classical names. At Corpus Christi College there were drinking-cups, or glasses, which, from their shape, were called ox-eyes. Some friends of a young student, after seducing him to fill his ox-eye much fuller and oftener than consisted with his equilibrium, took pity at last on his helpless condition, and led or carried him to his rooms. He had just Latin enough left at command, to thank them at the stair head with, 'Pol, me ox-eye-distis, amici.'"

Here is an equally attractive peep at the intellectual dignity of the same august establishment:-

"Mr. John Scott took his Bachelor's degree, in Hilary term, on the 20th of February, 1770.—'An examination for a degree at Oxford,' he used to say, 'was a farce in my time. I was examined in Hebrew and in History, "What is the Hebrew for the place of a skull?"—I replied "Golgotha."—"Who founded University College?"—I stated (though, by the way, the point is sometimes doubted), "that King Alfred founded it."—"Very well, sir," said the examiner, "you are competent for your degree."

John Scott had recollections of Dr. Johnson at Oxford. We suspect there was more real than affected bigotry in the following piece of college fun:-

"Lord Eldon's Anecdote Book has the following reminiscences of Dr. Johnson at Oxford:—'I had a walk in New Inn Hall Garden, with Dr. Johnson, Sir Robert Chambers, and some other gentlemen. Sir Robert was gathering snails, and throwing them over the wall into his neighbour's garden. The Doctor reproached him very roughly, and stated to him that this was unmannerly and unneighbourly. "Sir," said Sir Robert, "my neighbour is a Dissenter"—"Oh!" said the Doctor, "if so, Chambers, toss away, toss away, as hard as you can."

Here is an "apple-pie case," the first case that Lord Eldon ever tried, and in which we are much struck by his expeditious administration of justice:-

"The first cause I ever decided was an apple-pie cause; I must tell you of it, Mary. I was, you know, senior fellow at University College, and two of the undergraduates came to complain to me, that the cook had sent them an apple-pie that could not be eaten. So I said I would hear both sides. I summoned the cook to make his defence; who said that he always paid the utmost attention to the provisions of the College, that he never had any thing unfit for the table, and that there was then a remarkable fine fillet of veal in the kitchen. Now here we were at fault; for I could not understand what a fillet of veal in the kitchen had to do with an apple-pie in the Hall. So, in order that I might come to a right understanding of the merits of the case, I ordered the pie itself to be brought before me. Then came in easy decision; for the messenger returned and informed me, that the other undergraduates had taken advantage of the absence of the two complainants, and had eaten the whole of the apple-pie: so you know it was impossible for me to decide that *that* was not eatable, which was actually eaten. I often wished in after-life that all the causes were apple-pie causes; fine easy work it would have been."

On being called to the bar, Lord Eldon made a stingy bargain, with Mrs. Scott, but it turned out that she had the best of it:-

"When I was called to the Bar," said he to Mrs. Forster, "Bessy and I thought all our troubles were over; business was to pour in, and we were to be almost rich immediately. So I made a bargain with her, that during the following year, all the money I should receive in the first eleven months should be mine, and whatever I should get in the twelfth month should be hers. What a stingy dog I must have been to make such a bargain! I would not have done so afterwards. But, however, so it was; *that* was our agreement: and how do you think it turned out? In the twelfth month I received half a guinea: eighteen pence went for fees, and Bessy got nine shillings: in the other eleven months I got not one shilling."

There is a difference between a solicitor-general and a major-general, as we learn from the amusing story of the King of Prussia and the celebrated Mr. Dunning:-

"It is related that Mr. Dunning, who was the most eminent of the counsel practising in the Court of King's Bench when Mr. Scott first entered the profession, 'had, some years before, when Solicitor General, diverted himself by making an excursion, in vacation time, to Prussia. From his title of Solicitor General, the King supposed him to be a general officer in the British army; so he invited him to a great review of his troops, and mounted him, as an eminent military person, upon one of his finest chargers. The charger carried the Solicitor General through all the evolutions of the day, the 'General' in every movement being in a most dreadful fright, and the Horse's duty never allowing

him to dismount. He was so terrified and distressed by this great compliment, that he said he never would go abroad again as a general of any sort."

Lord Eldon himself made no great figure in arms, and it would seem that his friend Lord Ellenborough was equally unmartial, (perhaps reserving all his prowess to bequeath to his son):

"Not content with serving the Crown in his civil capacity, Sir John Scott had thought proper to evince his loyalty in a military character also; but, according to his own account, the sword became him by no means so well as the gown. He records this deficiency in the following passage of his Anecdote Book:—'During the long war, I became one of the Lincoln's Inn Volunteers, Lord Ellenborough at the same time being one of that corps. It happened, unfortunately for the military character of both of us, that we were turned out of the *awkward squadron* for awkwardness. I think Ellenborough was more awkward than I was, but others thought that it was difficult to determine which of us was the worst. He told Mrs. Forster that his brother William did better and actually commanded a corps.'

Although the anecdote book contains many entertaining incidents, relating to men of the day, it is interlarded with palpable "Joe Millers," and the editor has not been careful to separate the tares from the wheat. Here is one of the "Joe Millers" appropriated by the Lord Chancellor:

"From Ulverstone to Lancaster," says the Anecdote Book, "you may go by the shore, or by a road inland. The former is much the shorter ride, but very dangerous if the tide comes in. I asked the landlord of the inn at Ulverstone whether any persons were ever lost in going by the sea-shore to Lancaster, as our party wished to save time and go by the nearest way there. 'No, no,' he answered, 'I think nobody has ever been lost—they have been all found at low water.'

Lord Eldon was first brought into notice, he relates himself, by breaking the Ten Commandments:

"I was about to join the Northern circuit in 1815, when the late Mr. Bell took me to one of Lord Eldon's levees. On my first introduction, Lord Eldon accosted me thus: 'So you are going to join my old circuit; you will perhaps be surprised to hear that I was first brought into notice on that circuit by breaking the Ten Commandments.' I should have supposed him to mean that he had read his briefs on Sunday; but there was that good-humoured gleam of the eye, which every one who recollects him will understand, and which puzzled me. He continued, 'I'll tell you how it was. I was counsel in a cause, the fate of which depended on our being able to make out who was the founder of an ancient chapel in the neighbourhood. I went to view it. There was nothing to be observed which gave any indication of its date or history: however, I observed that the Ten Commandments were written on some old plaster which, from its position, I conjectured might cover an arch. Acting on this, I bribed the clerk with five shillings to allow me to chip away a part of the plaster; and after two or three attempts, I found the key-stone of an arch, on which were engraved the arms of an ancestor of one of the parties. This evidence decided the cause, and I ever afterwards had reason to remember, with some satisfaction, my having on that occasion broken the Commandments.'

A circuit anecdote of Jemmy Boswell is amusing:

"At an assizes at Lancaster, we found Dr. Johnson's friend, Jemmy Boswell, lying upon the pavement,—inebriated. We subscribed at supper a guinea for him and half a crown for his clerk, and sent him, when he waked next morning, a brief with instructions to move for what we denominated the writ of 'Nuare adhesit pavimento,' with observations, duly calculated to induce him to think that it required great learning to explain the necessity of granting it to the judge, before whom he was to move. Boswell sent all round the town to attorneys for books, that might enable him to distinguish himself—but in vain. He moved, however, for the writ, making the best use he could of the observations in the brief. The judge was perfectly astonished, and the audience amazed. The judge said, 'I never heard of such a writ—what can it be that adheres pavimento?' Are any of the gentlemen at the bar able to explain this?' The bar laughed. At length one of them said, 'My Lord, Mr. Boswell last night adhesit pavimento. There was no moving him for some time. At last he was carried to bed, and he has been dreaming about himself and the pavement.'

Another story is worthy of the Irish bar in its jolliest hours. It belongs to the meridian of Galway in the days before Mathew and his flood:

"Another Northern circuit story of those days was told by Lord Eldon to Mrs. Forster, about a party at the house of a certain Lawyer Fawcett, who gave a dinner every year to the counsel. 'On one occasion,' related Lord Eldon, 'I heard Lee say, "I cannot leave Fawcett's wine: mind, Davenport, you will go home immediately after dinner, to read the brief in that cause that we have to conduct to-morrow." "Not I," said Davenport; "leave my dinner and my wine to read a brief!" No, no, Lee—that won't do.' 'Then,' said Lee, 'what is to be done? who else is employed?'—Davenport: 'Oh, young Scott.'—Lee: 'Oh! he must go. Mr. Scott, you must go home immediately, and make yourself acquainted with that cause before our consultation this evening.' This was very hard upon me; but I did go, and there was an attorney from Cumberland, and one from Northumberland, and I do not know how many other persons. Pretty late, in came Jack Lee as drunk as he could be. 'I cannot consult to-night—I must go to bed,' he exclaimed, and away he went. Then came Sir Thomas Davenport: 'We cannot have a consultation to-night, Mr. Wordsworth' (Wordsworth, I think, was the name; it was a Cumberland name), shouted Davenport: 'don't you see how drunk Mr. Scott is? it is impossible to consult.' Poor me, who had scarce had any dinner, and lost all my wine—I was so drunk that I could not consult! Well, a verdict was given against us, and it was all owing to Lawyer Fawcett's dinner. We moved for a new trial, and I must say, for the honour of the Bar, that those two gentlemen, Jack Lee and Sir Thomas Davenport, paid all the expenses between them of the first trial. It is the only instance I ever knew: but they did. We moved for a new trial (on the ground, I suppose, of the counsel not being in their senses), and it was granted. When it came on, the following year, the judge rose and said, 'Gentlemen, did any of you dine with Lawyer Fawcett, yesterday? for, if you did, I will not hear this cause till next year.' There was great laughter. We gained the cause that time."

There are many stories of provincial juries, not at all to the credit of that ancient institution:

"There are other and more ludicrous instances, which Lord Eldon was wont to relate of obstinacy, stupidity, and even corruption, in juries. 'I remember,' says he, in the Anecdote Book, 'Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at York; and when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed, "Here are only eleven jurymen in the box: where is the twelfth?" —"Please you, my Lord," said one of the eleven, "he is gone away about some business, but he has left his verdict with me." * * * The lower orders of jurors, too, are easily corrupted. I remember at an alehouse where some of us dined upon a Sunday af-

ter seeing Corby, in Cumberland, a person whom Serjeant Bolton treated with a good deal of milk punch, told the Serjeant that he was upon the jury at Carlisle, and would give him verdicts wherever he could. Another juror told me that he gave the same Serjeant all the verdicts he could, because he loved to encourage a countryman: he and the Serjeant were Lancastrian born."

Dr. Johnson dying in 1784, sent a parting message to Lord Eldon, which the prevailing impression is, that his Lordship did not habitually obey:—
"In the December of this year 1784, Dr. Johnson died. 'He was a good man,' said Lord Eldon to Mrs. Forster: 'he sent me a message on his death-bed, to request that I would make a point of attending public worship every Sunday, and that the place should be the Church of England.'

We were curious to see what Mr. Twiss had to say on the religious observances of this redoubt of churchmen. In the third volume, he observes, "It is true, perhaps, that he was not sufficiently attentive to external observances; indeed, for many months in each year, during the pressure of official business, his devotions were almost wholly private. It may be some apology that he had begun life at a time when the duty of public worship was not so generally regarded as it is now; but, it is said, that Sir Samuel Romilly, who attended the parish church where Lord Eldon ought to have been, used to comment with no slight severity on never seeing him there. On an occasion when his merits were in discussion, a warm partisan of the Chancellor called him one of the pillars of the church.—'No,' said another, he may be one of its buttresses, but certainly not one of its pillars, for he is never found *within* it.'

This is generally given as having been said by Lord Eldon of himself, "I am a buttress of the church; I like to support it *from without*." An eminent man at the Irish bar, Mr. Peter Burrowes, used to say—"Lord Eldon is so high a churchman, that he is above the church."

Here is an anecdote of Thurlow, containing a hint for Mr. Babbage:

"Lord Thurlow, when Chancellor, called me into his room at Lincoln's Inn Hall, and among other things, asked me if I did not think that a wooden machine might be invented to draw bills and answers in Chancery. I told him that I should be glad if such a machine could be invented, as my stationer's copy of my pleadings generally cost me more than the fees paid me by the solicitors. Many years after this and when he had ceased to be Chancellor, and I was Attorney General, a bill was filed against his friend Mr. Macnamara, the conveyancer, and Lord Thurlow advised him to have the answer sent to me to be perused and settled. The solicitor brought me the answer. I read it. It was so wretchedly ill composed and drawn, that I told him that not a word of it would do; that I had no time to draw an answer from beginning to end; that he must get some gentleman to draw an answer from beginning to end who understood pleading, and then bring it to me to peruse. I went down to the House of Lords the same day to plead a cause at the bar there. Lord Thurlow was in the House and came to the bar to me, and said, 'So I understand you think my friend Mac's answer won't do.'—'Do!' said I: 'my Lord, it won't do at all; it must have been drawn by that wooden machine which you formerly told me might be invented to draw bills and answers.' 'That's very unlucky,' says Thurlow, 'and impudent too, if you had known the fact, that I drew the answer myself.'

The following is an interesting anecdote connected with the trial of Hardy:

"He related to Mrs. Foster, and the Law Magazine of August 1838 gives the story a little more circumstantially, that at the close of one of the days of his long trial, as he was about to leave the Court, Mr. Garrow said to him, 'Mr. Attorney, do not pass that tall man at the end of the table.' The man had suspicious appearance, and had stationed himself for some time at the door with his hat pulled over his brows. 'Why not pass him,' asked Mr. Law? 'He has been here,' replied Mr. Garrow, 'during the whole trial, with his eyes constantly fixed on the Attorney General.' 'I will pass him,' said Mr. Law. 'And so will I,' said Sir John Scott. This was opposed by the counsel and others round about, who added, that there was a mob collecting, and that they did not think the Attorney General's life would be safe. He answered, 'I tell you, gentlemen, I will not stay here; for, happen what may, the King's Attorney General must not show a white feather.' What followed was thus related by him to Mrs. Forster:—'I went and left them, but I will not say that I did not give a little look over my shoulder at the man with the slouched hat, as I passed him; however, he did me no harm, and I proceeded for some time unmolested. The mob kept thickening around me, till I came to Fleet Street, one of the worst parts of London that I had to pass through, and the cries began to be rather threatening. "Down with him!"—"Now is the time, lads,"—"Do for him,"—and various others, horrible enough. So I stood up, and spoke as loud as I could, "You may do for me if you like, but remember there will be another Attorney General before eight o'clock to-morrow morning; the King will not allow the trials to be stopped." Upon this, one man shouted out, "Say you so? you are right to tell us. Let's give him three cheers, lads." And they actually cheered me, and I got safe to my own door. When I was waiting to be let in, I felt a little queerish at seeing close to me the identical man with the slouched hat; and I believe I gave him one or two rather suspicious looks, for he came forward and said, "Sir John, you need not be afraid of me; every night since these trials commenced I have seen you safe home before I went to my own home, and I will continue to do so until they are over: good evening, sir." I had never seen the man before. I afterwards found out who he was (I had some trouble in doing so, for he did not make himself known), and I took care he should feel my gratitude.' This ranger's interest in Sir John Scott's safety is accounted for in the Law Magazine of August 1838, where it appears that Sir John Scott had once done an act of great kindness to the man's father."

Miscellaneous Articles.

MRS. MARDYN AND THE BYRON AFFAIR.

About this period occurred that unfortunate quarrel between Lord and Lady Byron which excited so much of public attention. The quarrel was attributed, by the voice of scandal, in great measure to the beauty of Mrs. Mardyn. Nothing could be more opposite to the truth.—The facts were these. Lord Byron was one of the leading members of the committee of management of Drury Lane, and had almost a voice potential in their literary arrangements, leaving the financial matters to other members. Mrs. Mardyn learned that certain interests were at work to obtain for a rival actress the principal female part of a forthcoming drama, to defeat which intention, she called on his lordship, at his residence, to solicit his powerful interference, which he immediately promised, as an act of justice to the dramatic author as well as to the actress. As she was about to depart, a violent storm came on, which Mrs. Mardyn regretted, as the hour had nearly arrived when she ought to be at home preparing to be at her duty at the theatre, having to begin the comedy of the evening. His lord-

ship being aware of this, and his carriage being at the door, he offered it for Mrs. Mardyn's use in her emergency, and she was driven home in it; this circumstance, with many additions (gross exaggerations,) were related to Lady Byron by the woman, her confidante, whom the poet afterwards so justly reproached and so severely criticised, in those well remembered lines—

"Born in a garret—in a kitchen bred;
Promoted thence—to deck her lady's head."

His lordship was (in that instance at least) innocent, and being too proud in his nature to defend himself against the "garret-born," "kitchen bred" calumniator, a scene of reproaches took place, when, it was said, her ladyship left her husband's roof, never to return to it. The affair of the carriage, the calumny, the quarrel, and the separation, were soon noised abroad, and a set of heartless ruffians, in fashionable attire, met in an organized gang in Drury Lane Theatre, and excited the audience to hiss Mrs. Mardyn. She stood for one moment mute, if that word applies only to the language of the tongue, but her eyes spoke with irresistible eloquence. She burst into tears, and implored the house to protect her from the cowardly assailants, as she assured them she was innocent of any offence. "Twas not the air, 'twas not the words"—it was the tone, that went to the hearts of all who had hearts, and in an instant the cowardly assailants of a defenceless woman were silenced, and our heroine confirmed in public favour. Lord Byron's published "Conversations" have since fully established the injustice of the attack on Mrs. Mardyn. Mrs. Mardyn remained at Drury Lane one season after Mr. Elliston became lessee of that establishment. Her beauty and talent had now made an impression upon the heart of one who knew how to value such a gem (a foreigner of some distinction), and the real and unmistakeable death of her rōvē husband, enabled her again to try the chances of matrimony. The new-married pair quitted England, and have since resided in France and Italy. It is said that her present husband is ardently attached to his beautiful wife, and that it is for the gratification of her ambition that he has purchased (as is common abroad) the title of baron; consequently, she is now "the Baroness of R—" (for obvious reasons we omit the name.) Hers has indeed been the romance of real life; and she affords another instance, among the many we have pointed out, of a lady quitting the boards of a theatre to give lustre to a "title."

Our Actresses.

JUGGLERS IN INDIA.

I have seen, during my residence in Cutch, which was a sort of high road for such people between Sindh and Western India, numerous bands of Kalatnees, and been entertained by them with feats of dexterity which may almost appear incredible. One is that of placing a small line on the breast, or between the lips, and then dividing it with one stroke of a sword; a second is, for a man, armed with sword and shield, to climb a pole of extraordinary height, then balancing himself upon it with one foot, to throw his body into violent action, as if forcing or defending a breach, until his heel only rested on the pole. This I have seen; and, with such evidence, believe implicitly in the skill which they display in sowing mangoe seed, raising the plant, growing the tree, producing the blossoms, and gathering the fruit with an hour's horticultural labour, a trick which, of course, can only be successful at one period of the year, and in a propitiously mangoe-producing locality. I have heard that nothing can be more beautiful than the effect of this trick, which is performed with a delicacy, expertness, and precision, worthy the talent of Herr Dobler himself. These Kalatnees are also good ventriloquists, and they can dance on the slack rope with a species of claw fastened to each foot, like a pair of skates, perpendicularly disposed, or, on the tight rope, will work themselves along it, kneeling in a brazen basin. The truth is, that India is as much the foster-land of juggling as Egypt was of necromancy; and, after considering the ingenuity of the people, which is unparalleled, another explanation of the circumstance still remains, which is, the extraordinary suppleness of body and limb which distinguishes the Asiatic. Ablation, anointing with oils, and constant gymnastic exercises produce this effect as an expected result, but their manner of applying it is peculiarly their own.

Asiatic Journal.

THE CZAR'S WINTER PALACE.

In one year this palace has risen from its ashes; and it is the largest, I believe, which exists; equaling the Louvre and the Tuilleries put together. In order to complete the work at the time appointed by the emperor, unheard-of efforts were necessary. The interior works were continued during the great frosts; 6,000 workmen were continually employed; of these a considerable number died daily, but the victims were instantly replaced by other champions brought forward to perish, in their turn, in this inglorious breach. And the sole end of all these sacrifices was to gratify the caprice of one man! Among people naturally, that is to say, anciently civilised, the life of men is only exposed when common interests, the urgency of which is universally admitted, demand

But how many generations of monarchs has not the example of Peter the Great corrupted! During frosts when the thermometer was at 25 to 30 degrees below 0 of Réaumur, 6,000 obscure martyrs—martyrs without merit, for their obedience was involuntary—were shut up in halls heated to 30 degrees of Réaumur, in order that the walls might dry more quickly; in entering and leaving this abode of death, destined to become, by virtue of their sacrifice, the abode of vanity, magnificence, and pleasure. Thus these miserable beings would have to endure a difference of 50 to 60 degrees of temperature. The works in the mines of the Uralian mountains are less inimical to life; and yet the workmen employed at Petersburg were not malefactors. I was told that those who had to paint the interior of the most highly heated halls were obliged to place on their heads a kind of bonnet of ice, in order to preserve the use of their senses under the burning temperature. Had there been a design to disgust the world with arts, elegance, luxury, and all the pomp of courts, could a more efficacious mode have been taken? And yet the sovereign was called father, by the men immolated before his eyes in prosecuting an object of pure imperial vanity. They were neither spies nor Russian cynics who gave me these details, the authenticity of which I guarantee.

De Custine's Empire of the Czar.

A FLIGHT OF LOCUSTS.

At the period to which I refer, the locust first appeared near Tangier in the winged form, and did not commit much injury, but, settling along the sea-coast, deposited their eggs and died. Some months afterwards, in July, if I remember rightly, the grub first appeared and was about the size of what is commonly called the lion-ant. A price had been set by several European residents at Tangier upon each pound of eggs that was brought by the natives, and many thousand pounds weight by this means were destroyed, but apparently it was of no avail; it was but the drop of water from the ocean; for soon the whole face of the country around was blackened by columns of these voracious

insects; and, as they marched on in their desolating track, neither the loftiest barriers, nor water, nor fire, daunted them. Quenching with their numbers the hottest fire, the rear of the dreadful columns passed over the devoted bodies of those who had preceded them. Across ditches, streams, or rivers, it was the same. On, on they marched; and as the foremost ranks of the advanced columns were drowned, their bodies formed the raft for those that followed; and where there seemed most resistance to their progress, thither did the destructive insects appear to swarm in the greatest numbers. One European resident at Tangier, the consul-general for Sweden, who possessed a beautiful garden in the neighbourhood, abounding with the choicest flowers and shrubs of Europe and Africa, waged for a long time successful war against them. His large garden had the advantage of a high wall; and outside this barrier he had stationed labourers, hired for the purpose of destroying the invading columns. Often did the Moslems shake their heads, and, predicting sooner or later the destruction of his garden, exclaim against the wickedness and folly of the Nazarene in attempting to avert the decrees of fate. At one time it had been hoped that this beautiful spot, a favourite resort of the Europeans, had been saved; for, whilst all around had been rendered bare and desolate, the garden yet rejoiced in a luxuriance of vegetation. But the day soon came in which the Moslems' predictions were to be fulfilled. The locusts, ceasing to be crawling grubs, put forth their wings, and took flight. Myriads and myriads, attracted by the freshness, alighted on this oasis of the desert, and in a few hours every green blade disappeared; the very bark of the fruit-trees being gnawed in such a manner as to render them incapable of producing fruit the ensuing year.

Hay's Western Barbary.

BREAD-MAKING IN KORDOFAN.

The dokh having been ground on a stone to flour, is put into an earthen pot, and converted, by means of water, into a thin paste. A fire is now lighted under an earthen dish (or under an iron plate, called doga) which stands on three stones: when the dish is heated, it is greased with butter, and the paste is spread upon it in the shape and size of an ordinary cake. The one side being baked the bread is turned, and the dish again greased with butter. These cakes are about the thickness of a finger, and for Europeans very indigestible: they distend the stomach, indeed, awfully; an effect produced by the corn, partly because the husks are not separated from the flour; partly because the bread is not well baked. Those who are more wealthy, consume a better kind of bread, which has also a more pleasant flavour; the flour is purified, and the paste more fluid; it is spread upon the dish by means of a small brush, but otherwise prepared in the same manner as the former variety. Much time is required to bake the necessary quantity for the consumption of the house. More than one hour is spent in making bread enough of the latter description to serve two persons at dinner. Fresh bread must, therefore, be prepared every day, and it is always made by the women; for, as there is no mill in Kordofan, every one is obliged to grind the quantity of flour necessary for his consumption daily. This is done, as I have already observed, by female slaves.

Palme's Kordofan.

Foreign Summary.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—Last week, the Hon. C. C. Boyle, Maid of Honour to her Majesty the Queen Dowager, narrowly escaped drowning in a pleasure excursion on the lake at Marston, Somerset, the seat of the Earl of Cork and Orrery. It appears that when pushing off amongst some willows, she lost her footing, and fell from the boat up to her chin into a depth of sixteen feet water. This young lady clung for upwards of half an hour to the boughs, thus supporting her whole weight until Miss Warburton, her only companion, calm and collected, and cheering her on to hope, threw her the end of an oar from the shore. In this perilous and truly awful situation, the cries of these two young ladies were fortunately heard by Miss C. Boyle's sister, who, with their mother, was waiting the arrival of the boat at the further end of the lake. On reaching the spot, Miss Mary Boyle, with admirable presence of mind, finding her sister thus suspended, alone unmoored the boat, brought it to within the proper distance, and, assisted by Miss Warburton, succeeded in dragging in the half-lifeless lady, just as her strength was giving way, and her hands were relaxing their hold. The escape was altogether the more miraculous, as we understand that near this spot Lord Cork's gamekeeper's son, though an admirable swimmer, was drowned a few years ago.

Court Journal.

ALLEGED CONSPIRACY.—The Court of Queen's Bench has been occupied for two days, this week, in trying an indictment against Lord Ashburton and Messrs. Baring Brothers, for a conspiracy to inflict an injury on Mr. Kinder, with respect to an estate in Mexico, purchased jointly by Mr. Kinder and them so long ago as the year 1825. The expedient which the defendants were charged with employing to effect that purpose was bribing members of the Mexican congress to secure the passing of a law preventing foreigners from holding landed property in Mexico. It will be remembered that Lord Ashburton was arrested on this charge and held to bail on the eve of his special mission to America. The jury, after 20 minutes' consultation, returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

SOUTHEY'S MONUMENT.—In October last a committee was appointed at a public meeting of the friends and admirers of the genius of Southey, when a resolution was passed that a tablet with a medallion was to be erected to his memory in Crosthwaite Church, Keswick. Since that time, however, the committee have altered their plans; for they intend to erect a shrine, with a recumbent figure of Mr. Southey upon it, from a design by Mr. J. G. Lough; and a lithographed copy of a drawing of the monument will be sent to each subscriber, with a list of the subscriptions. The subscription list is already signed by a great number of the most distinguished noblemen, prelates, literati, and others.

EXTRAORDINARY FREAK OF NATURE.—In the month of May last Mr. Rolls, under-keeper to Lord Digby, discovered, in Whitley Wood, a pheasant's nest containing twelve eggs; about three weeks since, on examining the nest again he found that the bird had left three of the eggs behind, and feeling a curiosity to know the reason why the eggs had not been hatched, he broke the shells, and in each egg found a young pheasant, perfect and billed, but, singular to relate, each bird had four legs and four feet. Mr. Rolls cut off the legs, and has since preserved them. He called at our office on Saturday when we had an opportunity of personally inspecting this singular natural curiosity.

The present possessions of France in Africa costs her from two to three millions sterling a-year, and require an army of 100,000 men. This is surely "paying too dear for a whistle."

In a late discussion on the railway question, in the chamber of deputies, M. Arago declared himself in favour of atmospheric pressure. He affirmed that

by this power it was possible to attain a speed of six leagues a minute, and so safe did he consider this principle for slopes, that he was of opinion that a descent might easily and safely be effected from the towers of Notre Dame.

Of 143 inmates in one London parish workhouse, 105 were found to have been reduced to that state by intemperance.

Sir John Guest stated in the house of commons the other evening, that he paid in poor rates, more than £1,000 per quarter. Every mill, every piece of machinery, every steam engine, was assessed to the poor.

The Tyne river steamboats, adopting the penny-postage principle, are daily carrying passengers from Newcastle to Shields for a fare of three-farthings! The consequence is, that the population of the district is in a perpetual state of locomotion.

The French papers state, that a sum, equal to £4,000, has been paid to Eugene Sue, for his forthcoming novel, *Le Zuf Errant*, by the proprietors of the daily newspaper, in which it is to appear. A sum, equally large, has been given by a bookseller, for liberty to publish it afterwards, in volumes.

The distance between London and Calais, or Boulogne, may now be performed in four hours and a half. When the railroad from Calais to Paris is completed, the whole distance from the metropolis of England to the metropolis of France may be done in twelve hours.

The discovery of a new comet, in the constellation of Hercules, was announced last week at the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences. It is slightly nebulous, but the observations appear to have been as yet imperfect.

A professor of philosophy at the College of Avignon, who was suffering from brain fever, threw himself from the window of his room, last week, and, in falling, broke both his legs. The shock caused an instant return of reason. The unfortunate man, on being picked up, uttered a well-merited reproof. "You knew that I had lost my reason," said he, "and you left me unwatched."

The number of vessels which have gone to the African coast in search of guano is not less than 600 at the lowest estimate; and some persons even estimate it as high as 800, a great number of them being very large ships.

At the present time passengers are actually being conveyed from Newcastle on Tyne to London, by steam boat, at the rate of two shillings per head.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

TORONTO CRICKETING.—In the account of this matter supplied by our correspondent of last week, there is one point on which he seems to have been misinformed; the publication immediately drew the subjoined reply, to which we gladly hasten to give place, as we should be truly sorry to delay justice when in our power to give it.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 3, 1844.

To the Editor of the Anglo American—

Dear Sir,—I see by your paper of to day, that a correspondent in speaking of the difficulties at Toronto, states "that Mr. Barber wrote to the Secretary of the Philadelphia Club as early as May, and got his answer promptly." This is a mistake, and I am desirous of correcting it. The true statement is that I received a very polite letter from Mr. Barber, inviting our Club to Toronto, or rather advising me to form a party to visit Canada whilst the New Yorkers were there, which came to hand on the 22d day of June. On the 25th of that month I returned to Philadelphia, and on the 1st of July laid this letter, which contained a short paragraph respecting the report of the Philadelphia players being incorporated with the St. George's eleven, before our Club, who authorised me to answer it, which I did on the *sixth day of July*. Be pleased in speaking of this part of the narrative to set your Brother Cricketers right, and oblige,

Yours, very truly,

JAMES M. SANDERSON.

P.S. On Monday evening we have our regular monthly meeting, when we shall make arrangements for Challenging the St. George's Club with our first Eleven, and if possible shall endeavour to make up a *second Eleven* entirely independent of the first to play the New York Club during the same week. I give you this information for certain, as we are determined to give the New York Clubs enough to do, without spending their money in going so far from home. A good number of Americans will be in our second Eleven, myself included. The time fixed on will be as nearly as possible the same as last year. You may state the purport of this at your meeting to take place Monday night, so as to expedite the necessary arrangements for answering said Challenge.

We are requested to give place to the following account put forth under the authority of the St. George's Cricket Club, after being drawn up by the Committee appointed, pursuant to a resolution of the said Club. If the Toronto Club shall think proper to forward to us *their* official statement, we shall most cheerfully give it insertion.

THE RETURN CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN THE ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB OF NEW YORK, AND THE TORONTO CRICKET CLUB.

In accordance with a pledge given by the Members of the St. George's Cricket Club of New York, on their late visit to Toronto, the Committee appointed by the Club proceed to give a fair and succinct account of the matters connected with the Return Match between the two Clubs, to play which the St. George's members proceeded to Toronto on the 20th ult. To enable the public to understand all the facts of this Match, the Committee propose to publish, *in extenso*, the correspondence that has taken place between the two Clubs, so that readers may be enabled to arrive, if they choose, at a fair conclusion on the merits of the case.

On the 19th August, 1843, two of the members of the St. George's Cricket Club happening to be at Toronto, and feeling desirous of having a match played between the two Clubs, agreed with two of the Toronto Club to play a Match on condition "that the Eleven of the St. George's should be *bona fide* members of the Club at the time the challenge was put forth." This memorandum was communicated to the St. George's Club, and a meeting of the Club was instantly convened; at which meeting the conditions were positively disavowed, as being unfair and unjust towards the St. George's Club, confining them to the strength of their Club at that time, without ever requiring a corresponding limitation on the part of the Toronto Club. It was therefore decided upon at once to inform the latter that those conditions could not be com-

plied with, and the following letter was immediately forwarded to Toronto by the President.

New York, 24th Aug., 1843.

J. H. Maddock, Esq., President of the Toronto Cricket Club.

My dear Sir.—We received on Tuesday morning, 22d inst., a communication from one of our members, Mr. S.—, that the Toronto Cricket Club had accepted our Challenge, which we put forth through the "Spirit of the Times" newspaper. Last night we had a meeting of our members, and they one and all rejoiced at having an opportunity of giving a hearty welcome to the Toronto Club in New York. We find a clause in the acceptance of the challenge which our Club cannot comply with. We never did, nor do we ever intend, to play any but those who are regular bona fide members of our Club, and at all times we consider it a duty on our club to play its strength, unless, as in the case of the Philadelphia Union Cricket Club, they proposed to play us with two members given, and have the privilege to bar three of our members, but we know your club sufficiently that nothing but our strength would please them. Since our challenge, we have lost three of our best players, Gill, Wheatman, and Stead, and the following persons left us last year—H. Russell, Wm. Russell, and Mr. Wyvill, all these names you will remember played at Toronto—since our challenge was given we have only had an addition of two names, Mr. Wheatcroft joined our club in May, and Mr. Wm. Russell on 1st July. We do not consider ourselves so strong as when we last had the pleasure of playing you, provided we can muster our strength, but we shall do our best to make the match as interesting as possible.

With regard to the return match, I am fearful we shall not be able to play this year, on account of having so many matches; it would drive it too late into October; but I pledge myself, on behalf of our Club, that if it cannot be accomplished this year, you shall see us in Toronto early in the ensuing season. This, we presume, will be satisfactory. (Here follows a paragraph unconnected with this matter.) If you will write me, stating what day you will be in the city, I will take care to provide suitable apartments, and will meet you at the steamboat to conduct you to them.

The St. George's Cricket Club request me to make acceptable to the Toronto Cricket Club their very best wishes, and they likewise request me to offer the hospitality due to a Cricketer, the following day, Friday, the 8th day of September, at half-past six; allow me to subscribe myself,

Your assured friend, R. N. TINSON, President.

This letter was clear and explicit; it fully stated the grounds of our dissent, and likewise the terms on which the St. George's Cricket Club could play the Toronto Club; and those last stated terms were acceded to by the Toronto Club in the most unequivocal manner, as appears by the following response from their Secretary:—

Toronto, 29th Aug., 1843.

R. N. Tinson, Esq., President of the St. George's Cricket Club, New York.

My dear Sir,—Your favour of the 24th inst., addressed to Mr. Maddock, (who is one of the Managing Committee, but not President, of our Club,) has been received, and in the absence of Wm. Cayley, Esq., the President, I am instructed by the Committee to reply thereto.

It was only on this unqualified understanding with Mr. S., that your Challenge was to be considered a "Home and Home" Match this season, that our Club made up their minds to accept it; and this understanding was subsequently confirmed by Mr. J. Both Mr. S. and Mr. J., whom we communicated with, in the belief that they represented your Club, clearly stated, that the Return Match would certainly be played in Toronto soon after the Match in New York; and in fact the whole character of our acceptance was founded upon the expectation that the "Home and Home" applied to the present season. It would, however, appear, from a paragraph in your letter, that there exists a doubt, almost an apprehension, that your Club might not be able to return the Match at Toronto this season, and I am instructed to say that our acceptance (as communicated to your Club through Mr. S.) must be distinctly understood as binding your Club to carry out the principles of a "Home and Home" Match, by returning the game at Toronto this season. Your Challenge, as recognised by your letter of 24th, stated the Match to be "Home and Home," and as such it has been accepted. If, however, our acceptance cannot be responded to, I assure you it will cause us *sincere regret*. Your immediate answer would much oblige, so as to enable our Club either to go on and mature their arrangements or at once abandon them.

With regard to the other question raised in your letter, I am instructed to say that it is only in strict accordance with the usages of Cricket and other manly sports, that a public challenge implies of itself that the result of that challenge is confined to the agency of parties therewith connected at the time said challenge was put forth; for it is evident that without some such understanding no such challenge would be safely taken up, on account of the want of certain knowledge of the real strength of the challenging party. The Toronto Club, at the time your challenge was put forth, knew pretty accurately the real strength of your Club, and on that knowledge, feeble as it is, ventured to take up the gauntlet. But the case assumes a very changed position, when it is claimed that additional and unexpected strength, acquired since your Challenge was made, should be brought to bear against us, and it still seems to us that it is only equitable that you should oppose to us only that force which you had when making the challenge, our knowledge of which force forming at the same time part of our consideration in accepting it. This view of the case was discussed with Mr. S., and afterwards with Mr. J., both these gentlemen fully agreed in its propriety, and promised to see that the understanding (evidently implied on the face of your challenge, but expressly stated in our acceptance) should be *r rigidly adhered to*.

However, as our object is to play a Friendly Game at Cricket with our old friends and opponents the St. George's Club of New York, *we shall not press this difficulty*, and if, after reconsidering the subject in the light in which we have placed it, your Club still object to the clause, WE CONSENT TO WITHDRAW IT, leaving the disposal of the question entirely to the honour of the St. George's Club.

I am sorry to say that the time originally named in our acceptance does not quite suit the professional engagements of some of our Eleven, and we are obliged to defer our arrival at New York for two or three days. It is our intention to depart from Toronto so as to reach New York on Sunday the 10th, and be spectators of your match with the Philadelphia Club on Monday the 11th, and play the St. George's Club on Tuesday the 12th, if possible, or next day, the 13th.

Having thus concluded the business part of my communication, I beg, on the part of the Toronto Cricket Club, to offer the St. George's Cricket Club the sincere thanks of their fellow Cricketers of Toronto for the kind wishes sent them through their President, and to say that they will be delighted to accept of the hospitality so kindly offered them on the part of the St. George's Cricket

Club, and hoping that you will be able, without inconvenience, to suit your arrangements so as to meet our present intentions.

I beg to subscribe myself, yours very sincerely,

G. H. PHILLPOTTS, Sec'y T. C. C.

Here is as complete an abandonment of their claim upon the St. George's Cricket Club as words can imply. They state fully their reasons for wishing the Match to be played by the original strength of the St. George's, but at the same time fully and completely give up their ground, as they state, and consent to withdraw the clause. Words cannot be found to convey more clearly and fully their complete adhesion to the ONE ground on which the St. George's Club agreed to meet the Toronto Club, forming the true basis on which the Match was commenced, and on which it was fully expected it would have been concluded. As evidence of the strong desire of the St. George's Cricket Club to avoid, as they thought, the possibility of any misunderstanding they addressed the following letter to the Toronto Club:

New York, June 5, 1844.

To — Cayley, Esq., President of the Toronto Cricket Club.
Dear Sir,—At the regular monthly meeting of the Members of the St. George's Cricket Club of New York, held on Monday last, the subject of the Return Match to be played this season with the Toronto Club, of which you are President, was discussed. At that meeting a resolution was passed directing me to write to you relative to that match. I am instructed to state that the St. George's Club will be unable to bring up the same strength that played against your Club here, but that it is the intention of our Club to visit Toronto with its BEST STRENGTH, made up of bona fide members of the St. George's Club, and that we expect to meet and play none but BONA FIDE members of the Toronto Club. I am further instructed to propose that you suggest the time that will best suit your Club to meet us; we will strive to make it suitable to us, but do not bind ourselves to do so. On this part of the subject you will of course hear from us again. We learn that you are in full practice; that you have already had several days pleasant play, and that your Club is stronger than ever. We congratulate you, and hope that the manly game of Cricket may ever find, on this continent, such excellent promoters as it finds in the Toronto Cricket Club. And with this wish I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your most obedient servant, SAMUEL NICHOLS,

Sec'y of the St. George's C. C. of N. Y.

To this letter the following reply was received; and it is impossible to avoid calling notice, here, to the absence of all complaint, on the part of the Toronto Club, against the non-resident Members of the St. George's Club, all of whom, be it observed, were elected in December, 1843. We have ample evidence that at this time they were fully aware of the intention of the St. George's Club to take up those members residing in Philadelphia; for, besides the knowing "pretty accurately," as Mr. Phillpotts expresses it, at all times "the real strength of the Club," one of the most influential members of the Toronto Club, at least in his own judgment, wrote to Philadelphia on the subject: a fact, however, which their delegation at Toronto were instructed to deny to the Committee of the St. George's Club, on complaint being made of this omission.

Toronto, June 22, 1844.

Dear Sir,—In the absence of Mr. Cayley, the President of the Toronto C. Club, to whom your favor relating to the forthcoming match was addressed, I beg to acknowledge its receipt, and to thank you in the name of the Club for the politeness evinced in allowing us to name our own time for your reception. The subject has been considered by the managing Committee, and they are unanimous in thinking that Tuesday, the 16th of July, will be the best and most convenient day they can name for the Match. Wickets to be pitched at 10 o'clock, A.M., thus affording ample time (even should the weather be part of the time too bad to play) to get through the Match before the end of the week.

The wish of our Club, however, is to consult the convenience of the New York Club, they being the moving party, and should the time suggested be inconvenient, the Toronto Club will be happy to play on any day that your Club may name between the 15th July and 25th of July, but hope, as the Races take place at Quebec on the latter day, their proposal will meet with the concurrence of their friends of the St. George's Club.

The Toronto Club never, as a matter of course, anticipated playing with any other Eleven, than are composed of bona fide members of their Club, and take it for granted that they will be met in the same way by their friendly antagonists.

We shall be very anxious to hear from you in reply to this as soon as possible, as several of our members, having arrangements to make, wish to have as much time as possible to complete them.—I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

GEORGE A. PHILLPOTTS, Sec'y Toronto C. C.

S. NICHOLS, Esq., Sec'y St. George's C. C., N.Y.

Here is a full admission of the right of St. George's Club to bring up bona fide members; indeed, fully recognised by them.

Our arrangements being now complete, the Secretary of St. George's C. C. addressed the following letter to Toronto—

1st July, 1844.

To G. A. Phillipotts, Esq.

Dear Sir,—At the regular monthly meeting of the St. George's C. C. held on Monday the 12th inst., I was directed to inform you that our Club proposes to leave here on the 20th of July, and that we hope to be in time to play your Club on the 25th, or if sooner the day after our arrival, or if later the day after. We hope, however, to be with you to play on the 25th of July, without fail.

We should have striven to have met you earlier and should no doubt have been able to do so, had your reply to our first letter reached us at the time we expected it would. We did not receive it till Friday, 29th of June, &c. &c.

(Signed) S. NICHOLS, Sec'y St. G.'s C. C.

To the above letter the following reply was received—

Toronto, July 8, 1844.

Dear Sir,—Your favor of the 1st July arrived on Saturday evening, and we are very happy in being able to agree about the time mentioned in your letter, but should propose that if you do arrive in Toronto in time, the match be commenced on the 24th if possible, that we may not be obliged to continue it in the following week, in case we are visited by bad weather, however that can be easily arranged when you do come.

I had written a letter to you requesting an answer, and had even put it in the Post Office just before your's was received, very much to the same purport as regards time as the one before me, and am sorry that I was prevented from unavoidable circumstances from answering your first more punctually. Wishing you a pleasant trip down, I remain yours truly,

GEORGE A. PHILLPOTTS, Sec'y Toronto C. C.

To SAMUEL NICHOLS, N.Y.

Still no mention is made of any objections to our non-resident members play-

ing, though they had full knowledge of the intentions of the St. George's Club to take up THEIR STRENGTH; and up to the 17th July we were perfectly ignorant of, and of course not anticipating any objections being made to any of our members, when the following letter was received on the afternoon of the 17th ult.:—

Toronto, 10th July, 1844.

Dear Sir,—In reply to a letter addressed by one of the Members of the Toronto Cricket Club to one of the Philadelphia Club, proposing a Match between the two Clubs, we are given to understand that three of the best players of that Club, viz.: Messrs. Ticknor, Turner, and Bradshaw, have been elected Honorary Members of the St. George's Club since the Match was played between us last Fall at New York, and that they will proceed to Toronto in company with the St. George's Club to play in their eleven against us. Had this been mere rumour we should have taken no notice whatever of it, but as it comes from an authentic source, and in order that there may be no misunderstanding in the matter, we beg to bring under the notice of the St. George's Club that, according to the Memorandum, dated 17th August, 1843, (a copy of which we enclose,) it was expressly understood "that the New York Eleven should be bona fide Members of the St. George's Club, at the time of the date of the said challenge." This of course refers to the "Home and Home" Match mentioned in the memorandum.

As the forthcoming contest is a "return" Match, the established usages of Cricket, as recognised by all the leading Clubs in England ought to be followed, viz.: That in Return Match none but bona fide Resident Members of either Club can play, or if extraneous aid have been admitted, as for instance by means of Honorary Members, that they should have been such Members at the time of making the original Match.

In accordance with this well known principle the Toronto Eleven will be strictly confined to bona fide Resident Members, and Honorary Members who were such long before the time of meeting your Club at New York; and consequently expect the same principle will be strictly attended to on the part of the St. George's Club. For it is self-evident that the practice of one Club incorporating into its strength the very flower of another Club must tend in a great measure to destroy the friendly interchange of Matches, between Canadian and American Clubs. In the present instance we expect to play the St. George's Club of New York, and not the combined strength of the St. George's Club of New York and the Union Club of Philadelphia. And when next year we play, as we hope so to do, the Union Club of Philadelphia, we should certainly not expect again to meet the same combined strength of Philadelphia and New York to oppose us.

The foregoing remarks have been written immediately on the receipt of our information from Philadelphia, that the same may as soon as possible be brought under the consideration of the St. George's Club, that there may be no misunderstanding whatever between the two Clubs when they meet on our ground to measure their strength, but that every thing may if possible be arranged so that nothing but harmony and Good Jolly Cricketer's feeling may exist during your long wished-for visit to this city. Until which time, believe me yours very truly,

GEO. A. PHILLPOTTS, Sec'y Toronto C. C.

SAMUEL NICHOLS, Esq., New York.

It is impossible to refrain from remarking upon the extremely disingenuous manner in which the Toronto Club, in this letter, refer to the original Memorandum of 17th August, 1843, which by both parties was entirely abandoned previous to the first Match being played at New York. How they can reconcile this proceeding with the conduct of Cricketers and Gentlemen, the St. George's Club are at a loss to understand; in this letter the Secretary refers to an understanding, as he says, "that the New York Eleven should be bona fide Members of St. George's at the time of the date of said challenge," when in their letter of 24th August they agreed to withdraw such understanding or claim! Still more when in subsequent letters, above quoted, nothing more than bona fide membership is alluded to." This is a mode of conducting a negotiation to which we are, and always wish to be, strangers. This letter of the Secretary of the Toronto Club was taken into consideration by the St. George's Club, and it was decided to proceed to Canada as originally contemplated.

On the arrival of the St. George's players at Toronto, a Committee of the two Clubs as appointed, at the request of the Toronto Club, to arrange preliminaries, and the St. George's Club can only recognise and feel bound by the acts of their appointed Committee. At the first meeting of the joint Committee objections were raised by that of Toronto against the St. George's Members resident in Philadelphia; these the St. George's Committee would not admit, but declared their intention of playing their strength in accordance with the correspondence, which acknowledged the St. George's claim to play all their bona fide members.

On Thursday morning the St. George's were prepared with their men to play the match, and both parties mutually exchanged, on the ground, their list of the eleven players on each side; on receiving the Toronto list the Committee of the St. George's C. C. declared themselves satisfied, without examination of the names, all they required was that they should be bona fide members, this being accorded, no further action was considered necessary on their part.

The following are the two lists handed in by the two clubs:

ST. GEORGE'S LIST.—Messrs. Tinson, Groom, Wild, Ticknor, Smith, Wheatcroft, Syme, Bradshaw, Turner, Bailey, Wright.

TORONTO LIST.—Messrs. 1 Barber, 2 Maddock, 3 Robinson, 4 Thompson, 5 Simpson, 6 Lambert, 7 Coote, 8 Phillipotts, 9 Wilson, 10 Heward, 11 French.

It is necessary to remark, in reference to the Toronto list, that the 4th and 9th are residents of Guelph, the 6th and 7th of Montreal, and the last, Mr. French, was a resident of New York at the time of the first Match being played, and was taken to Toronto by that Club and made a member to play against the St. George's. This was not objected to by the latter. All that the St. George's Club required was, that their opponents should be bona fide members according to agreement, whenever made, if in accordance with the Rules of their own Club.

Soon after the lists had been delivered that of the St. George's Club was returned to them with objections against Messrs. Turner, Ticknor, and Bradshaw,—objections which the St. George's Committee requested might be reduced to writing, when the following written memorandum was handed to them by the Toronto Club:—

MEMORANDUM.

"The Toronto Cricket Club agreed to play a 'Home and Home Match' with the St. George's Club of New York, and in pursuance of such agreement the opening match was played in New York, in September last. The St. George's Club have now come to Toronto to play the return Match, but having in the meantime elected three Members* of the Philadelphia Cricket Club as Hono-

* The gentlemen above referred to: Messrs. Bradshaw, Ticknor, and Turner.

ary Members whom they propose shall compose a portion of their eleven to play the Return Match. The Toronto Club object to these three gentlemen playing, as being opposed, in reason and spirit, to the agreement between the two Clubs, and therefore decline playing the Return Match, (except as herein-after mentioned,) unless the eleven on both sides were members of the respective Clubs at the time the opening Match was played in New York. Upon these terms they are now prepared to play the Return Match, and immediately afterwards to play any Eleven the St. George's Club of New York may produce for a wager of One Hundred and Twenty-five Pounds. There is one other name in the Eleven of New York, (Mr. Smith,) to whom the Toronto Club also object, but inasmuch as he is a resident Member of the New York Club, they will withdraw this objection provided they be permitted to include the name of a person as one of their Eleven, who is in a similar situation (as regards the Toronto Club) with Mr. Smith."

With this was handed another list of eleven, which the St. George's objected to receive, but expressed themselves perfectly willing and desirous to play the eleven handed in the first list—either with or without a protest—or any other eleven whom the Toronto Club could bring forward, *without protest*. This was positively declined by the Toronto Club, and thus ended the day—both parties claiming the Match.

On Friday it was suggested by a good lover of Cricket, from Guelph, to play five of the Guelph Club with the pick of the Upper Canada College Club, with the understanding that in case a match with Toronto should be ultimately arranged the play should be stopped; this was freely accepted, and one innings each played, when a suggestion was made, by two respectable and respected members of the Toronto Club, to the St. George's, which might lead to a match between the two Clubs. It was to the effect that both parties should abandon all claim to the Return Match, and should agree to quash all proceedings connected therewith, and play a new match with the strength of the two Clubs, as exhibited on the ground on that day. This was instantly, fully, and freely agreed to by the St. George's Club, who were pleased to find that, after all the difficulties which had occurred, there was at length probability of trying the strength of St. George's against their old opponents; but even in this expectation they were doomed to experience disappointment, for after every assurance had been given by the noble and generous mediators between the two Clubs, (who, by the way, were both members of the Toronto Club,) and after they had received from some of their fellow members a cordial co-operation in their endeavours to produce so desirable a result—they found, after the lapse of about 1½ hours, during which the St. George's players were ready on the ground, and prepared to play, some baneful influence had been brought to bear on the negotiations,—the same, probably, which caused so unpleasant a termination to the first match when played in New York. The whole attempt was thus rendered abortive, the Toronto Club declining to play unless the Return Match should stand as before; the great and sole object, to play a game on the strength of the Clubs, being thus prevented. We would here pay a tribute of respect to the gentlemen of the Guelph Club, who freely and voluntarily offered to withdraw the match then in progress, in order to enable the Toronto and St. George's Clubs to play their Match; this, every true cricketer, not influenced by a spirit of paltry manœuvring to obtain a temporary advantage, will duly appreciate and fully acknowledge. Thus closed the proceedings on Friday, and the St. George's players prepared for their departure, when, on Saturday a jolly good cricketer and truly honest man, above all subterfuge or paltry pettifogging manœuvres, proposed the same terms that had been offered by the St. George's and rejected by the Toronto Club, the previous day. It was totally out of the power of the St. George's Club to accede to this, as it was not only considered trifling with the Members of St. George's Club, but even considered very dubious, and a repetition of the same course of conduct might be elicited which could be productive only of unpleasant feelings, and would not probably lead to any good or satisfactory result.

Having now gone through the history of the immediate transaction, the committee feel called upon to make a few remarks connected therewith, and bearing thereon, as well as to point out a circumstance tending to prove yet more strongly the principles on which the Club has always endeavoured to act in matters of this kind. And first we shall point out one incident in which this Club, which so fastidiously stickles for fairness and the *law of the case*, figures prominently.

When the first Match was played at New York, the St. George's Club never for a moment questioned the right of every player whom the Toronto Club brought down to play in accordance with the agreement, but they have received strong and satisfactory evidence, recently, that one of those players was not even a Member of the Toronto Club at the time of playing the said Match, reference is here made to Mr. Sharpe, who, we are informed, had *never been on the ground of the Toronto Club*.

In proof of the principle which guides the St. George's Cricket Club of New York in such cases as these, we would point to the action of their members when playing a Return Match against the New York Club whilst our party were at Toronto. The New York Club had added two new members to their number since the first match was played between them and the St. George's remaining members; the latter never offered the shadow of an objection, but met their friendly antagonists who had become thus strengthened, and played the Return game out frankly and cheerfully. Can argument be stronger than this, or can we more fully illustrate the principle of the St. George's Club?

Apart from all this, and in reference to the allusion to the laws and customs in England with respect to Return Matches, we would say that circumstances are widely different here, and that some of those laws hardly can, by possibility, be enforced here. The game of Cricket is essentially an English game, hardly known out of England except where Englishmen are apt to congregate in a temporary manner. The Clubs in England are fixed, stationary, and the members are emphatically at home. They can easily travel their ten, twenty, or fifty miles to play "home and home matches" in the same season, and little or no probability occurs of any serious alteration of either their numbers or the individuals who compose them. But in this country it is very different. The Cricketers in the United States may be, as they are, errant; they are strangers in the land and they change their location in pursuit of their fortunes. They are few in number even in their greatest aggregate, and their bond of union is liable to be easily broken. Hence, much more than even in Canada, great changes are continually taking place, and it can hardly be expected that a Cricket Club of any given year in any part of the United States, can be nearly like what it was the year before, or like its successor. For these reasons a reasonable latitude is actually necessary, and therefore it is, that we have always insisted upon playing the strength of the parties at the time of action.

We shall not more than allude to the circumstance, that the St. George's Cricket Club of New York have been suffered to travel over five hundred miles,

and return, without being encouraged by those whom they had considered as friendly antagonists, to strike one ball in free contest at the noble game.

To the remarks that have appeared in the Toronto Herald, written by a prominent, and in his own opinion very important personage in the Toronto Club, self-respect prevents the Committee of St. George's from making any other reply than that those remarks are worthy of the writer, and consequently beneath their consideration, nor entitled to any other notice than the declaration that they do not convey the facts of the case, or are in themselves founded in truth,—remarks which were disclaimed by the President of the Toronto Club, as being unauthorised by that Club, and inserted without their knowledge or consent.

The Committee cannot close without strongly protesting against the conduct of one of the Members of the Toronto Club, whose position in society ought to have checked such an ebullition of feeling, who declared on the termination of the proceedings on Thursday, that the St. George's Club "never intended to play at all." So gratuitous an assertion would appear to carry with it its own refutation, but if necessary, it is hereby declared to be totally opposed to the views, wishes, and intentions of the St. George's, and entirely devoid of truth. The Members did not travel 500 miles with any other hope or expectation than that of trying their skill at Cricket against their Toronto opponents; this they are always desirous of doing, and were both anxious and ready for playing and nothing else.

(Signed) R. N. TINSON, } Committee of Management in
B. H. DOWNING, } the Toronto Match.

New York, August 8, 1844.

Published in pursuance of a Resolution of the St. George's Cricket Club of New York, at a Meeting of the same held on Monday evening, the 5th Aug. 1844.

* * Insertion of this is requested in the columns of the Toronto "British Colonist," and the Montreal "Herald."

FUNERAL OF CAMPBELL, THE POET.—The funeral of Thomas Campbell, the author of that sweet and popular poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," took place on the 3d inst., in Westminster Abbey, Lord Brougham, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Campbell, Lord Morpeth, Sir Robert Peel, and other distinguished men, acted as pall-bearers. He was buried in nearly the centre of Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, within a few yards of the tomb of Addison. The attendance of peers, members of Parliament, eminent literary and scientific men, was considerable, including a considerable number of Poles, one of whom threw on the coffin a portion of earth from the grave of Kosciusko.

ENTHUSIASM PUT TO THE TEST.—The gentlemen of the opposition press in France are very anxious to get up a war with Morocco, but they would not be quite so eager, perhaps, if they were called upon to take part in it. Their ardour reminds us of the story of what took place at Rouen about three years ago when M. Thiers was president of the council of ministers. An immense mob of *la Jeune France* had assembled opposite the house of the commander of the district, exclaiming, "La Guerre! La Guerre!—a bas les Anglais!" The old general presented himself to the mob, and after a few words in praise of their patriotism, said, "I will inform the minister, my friends, of this grand burst of public feeling; but I would recommend you, to enable me to give strength to it, to make an offer of your services as volunteers to serve in the army. This will prove at once that the young men of France are really resolved to uphold the national dignity. I will just step back to procure a pen and ink, and a book to enter your names and addresses, and will be with you again in two minutes." When the general returned he found the streets almost empty.

HINT TO EXQUISITES.—A celebrated Parisian dandy was ordered, a few days ago, by his physician, to follow a course of sea bathing at Dieppe. Arrived at that delightful bathing town, he ordered a machine and an attendant, and went boldly into the water. He plunged in bravely, but in an instant after came up puffing and blowing. "Francois," said he, "the sea smells detectably: it will poison me. Throw a little *'eau de Cologne* into the water, or I shall be suffocated!" The attendant complied, and the dandy continued bathing.

Married, on Wednesday, the 31st July, by the Rev. Dr. Macaulay, the Rev. John M. Macaulay, Pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church in Murray street, to Miss Heater Van Wyck, daughter of Isaac C. Van Wyck, of this city.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 9 1/2 a 9 3/4 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1844.

The "Letter openers," by which term we would designate the apologists of that nefarious system, are exceedingly anxious to gloss over a practice held in disgust and discontent even in the middle ages, but which in our own times is calculated to rouse indignation to the highest pitch. As an abstract proposition mankind have the right to send intelligence and make communications when, where, and how they please, and to defend the mode of conveyance against all who may forcibly endeavour to obstruct it. In the progress of civilization and government, however, it has been found expedient and wise, to put the means of such conveyance into authorised public hands as being a more effectual mode of executing the duty and trust, and as one of the modes of raising a revenue to supply the necessities of the State. Here then is the extent to which the compact between individuals and the Government ought to reach; the latter is to provide the most effectual and safe means of communication of letters, and the former are to pay for the accommodation with sufficient liberality to cover all expenses and leave a surplus to the State. But can any one dream that, entrusted to so large an extent with all that mingles in the dearest interests of society, its anxieties, its projects, its passions, and its wealth, the Government should likewise possess the power to violate at the pleasure of its minister the sanctity of a seal, to enter into the secrets of individuals, and to treat mere suspected wrong-doers as if they were convicted criminals? It is beyond question that this kind of conduct cannot be tolerated in any *free* Government of the present day; it may be insisted on, perhaps, where arbitrary rule is in force, and may be submitted to by those who have been bred to abject submission, but it is utterly irreconcilable to every notion of civil and political liberty, and in particular it bears no analogy to the principles of the British constitution.

The *Ultra-tories*, however, insist upon it ; the Duke, in the spirit of an old Commander-in-chief, advocates it, or rather asserts it without advocating it ; and, as might be expected, the political renegades either act upon it or are clamorous for it. The main offender, Sir James Graham, in deserting his earliest party and taking up with his former adversaries, has adopted the most overstrained of their principles and practice ; Lord Brougham, once the man of the people, has become the most furious of the people's enemies ; yet all this cannot colour over the invasion of the people's confidence, nor ward off the shock which has been conveyed through the high-handed measure of this betrayal of a public trust. And for what ? There are not any of the country's interests menaced by those who have been thus injured and insulted ; it is not pretended that there are ; yet such a reason only could give palliation to the offence committed. It appears to have been caused by the suggestion of a silly foreign minister, and to have had reference to some foreign affairs, equally silly ; and for this an English functionary truckles, compromises his own dignity and that of his Government, and destroys the confidence of a whole nation towards an establishment which has become to them of the highest importance.

In another point of view it is likewise replete with mischief. We have always deprecated the Smuggling system because it was so subversive of moral feeling ; in like manner we strongly protest against the power, so liable to abuse, of letter-opening under authority, because it nourishes an unhealthy curiosity in all, from the highest to the lowest, who have "art and part" therein, and may, not a little, tend to peculation itself. Well indeed says the Editor of the Spectator, and we offer the remark to all whom it may concern, "*The man who has once violated the secrecy of a private letter contracts a moral taint that never can be obliterated.*" Again, the great man may turn the trade over to an inferior functionary, and who shall say where the evil may stop. But, says the Spectator again, "*The Spy as often sells his employer as the party he is employed to watch,*" and he "*who earns his salary by opening other people's letters, may not limit his operations to the letters he is ordered to open, but may easily be tempted to add to his salary by selling information.*" In short, the whole affair is a dirty one, and the longer we contemplate it the worse is its aspect. We trust that we shall soon hear of its being made a parliamentary question, with a view to its being either abrogated or put under salutary restraints, and sorry indeed are we to perceive that the great and honest Duke has not yet joined in the cry of depreciation.

Among other attempts to countenance this justly unpopular proceeding, it is urged that other nations still avail themselves of the *ministerial right* to do so, in times of suspicion. Among the countries adduced is France. France ! So notorious during successive ages for its detestable system of *espionage*, practised upon strangers of every nation and grade, and even upon its own people in their most domestic relations. France ! where, under the old Royalty, the Democracy, the Empire, and under the present constitutional government, the rigid system of *surveillance* prevails, to a degree altogether disgusting ! A pretty instance indeed, to pair with English practice, and sufficient of itself for ground of objection. But could the system be charged upon every other nation upon earth, it does not furnish either argument in support or reason for excuse of evil power in an English functionary ; the least and the best that can be said of it is that it is one of the few ancient abuses in the system of English Government, not yet done away, but that the moment it shews its dishonest face, is the moment when it should be firmly opposed and legally exterminated for ever. England is *not* free whilst so arbitrary a power remains to the government, to invade the privacy and sanctity of a seal.

In procuring the vote on the Sugar duties to be rescinded, Sir Robert Peel carried his point, but he greatly damaged his influence. It may be thought by some that the contrary was the case and that he confirmed and fixed his authority over his party ; but cannot these perceive or imagine how those must wince who were thus obliged to unvote their own vote, to unsay their own saying, and to go whither they would not, at the beck and call of an arbitrary leader who knew right well that just then they had no other *point d'appui* ? We are not glad that this minister's political character is precisely such as we have many a time described it to be, but we are right glad, as confirmatory of our judgment, that British journalists to whom we have been in the habit of looking up as oracles, now agree with us in opinion. Sir Robert Peel never was a great originator, but an excellent follower ; he is now, and will be, well occupied in carrying out many a popular measure originated by others whom he has supplanted ; he is acting in favor of free trade without confessing the principle, and will gather all the laurels which belong to men who had not so great a command of "appliances and means to boot." Well, the country cannot do without him, at present, for there is none other competent to take charge of the helm ; but the press has begun to denounce him, and he will soon have to think of folding his robe about him so as to die (politically) with dignity. The party have felt his whip, his spur, and *his bit*, and though they may continue to carry him a little longer, by dint of his good horsemanship, yet they will throw him off at some turn of the road ere long.

The ministry has recently gathered additional strength, and the Free-trade men have suffered a new defeat in the unsuccessful attempt of Mr. Sturge at Birmingham. This, however, does not affect the questions at issue between the parties ; it is but an electioneering victory, the effect of superior tactics in this kind of warfare, and exultation thereon is but a *brutum fulmen*.

Our old and observant friend and correspondent "Leo" is again on the alert ; he has given us a description of travelling in the vicinity of the Falls, which, unconsciously to him, we realized a week after his letter was written, and consequently we can well indorse the sentiments and the advice which he

has there given. The Falls have, at this juncture, a great number of visitors ; the Pavilion, the Cataract, the Eagle, and other hotels, have an immense influx of gentry, and as for the Clifton House, we left there no fewer than six hundred persons, many of whom were of high distinction, yet the house was as peaceful, as orderly, and as well supplied with all comforts and conveniences, as if it was the private mansion of an English nobleman ; and the proprietor himself (Mr. Griffin) was as indefatigable in his attentions as he was fortunate in their success. The following is our correspondent's epistle :

MONTREAL, July 20, 1844.

To the Editor of the Anglo American—

Dear Sir.—Through the columns of your respectable paper, it is my wish to give publicity to a few remarks which may reach the eyes of your numerous friends in the large cities, particularly the female portion who at this "broiling season" seek fresh air and recreation in a ramble to the West. I would advise them to go by Railroad the whole distance between Albany and Buffalo, so timing the journey as to sleep comfortably at a Hotel, rather than in the cars. The American Hotel at Buffalo requires no recommendation ; *there* families will meet with every comfort they can desire. But "The Falls," "The Falls," those ever-rolling, ever-beautiful, magnificent Falls ! are, after all, the true and only attraction ; to see them as they should be seen, they should, as you well know, be viewed from both sides. To the bustling, stirring, go-ahead man of business, who *must* see so many "sights," and visit so many places in a given number of hours, I would say, take the rail-cars to Niagara Falls on the New York side ; dip your finger in the boiling cataract, make a jog trot visit to Goat Island and "The Tower," and depart again with the cars. To friends who have leisure to study this wonder of Nature, I would recommend by *all means* after they become weary of the noise and confusion of rail-cars and coaches, or the sight of trunks and carpet-bags piled up in endless variety through the passages, let them, I say, by *all means* cross over and enjoy the quiet, the comfort, the civility, and the respectable company they will be certain of finding at The Clifton House ; or should they prefer to go there *first*, a fine steamer, "The Emerald," and easy cars from Chippewa will land them at "The Clifton" in two and a half hours at the trifling charge of fifty cents. I feel desirous to mention this House in terms of high commendation, because those pests of all travellers, "The Runners" at Buffalo, and elsewhere, had prejudiced me strongly against that Hotel, and the accidental meeting with a New York friend "*who knew better*" alone induced me to make trial of the House. Judge of my surprise on being ushered into a spacious Saloon well furnished, and filled with Ladies and Gentlemen of the highest respectability, many of whom had sojourned there for several weeks. His Excellency Sir Charles Metcalfe, the Governor-General, with the Officers of his Suite, their horses, carriages, and servants in their livery, had only left "The Clifton" a few days before, bequeathing to the obliging landlord *high evidence* of perfect satisfaction. I found Sir Charles and Lady Chichester with family and servants, Colonel Forlong, commanding the 43d Light Infantry at Montreal, Lady, party and servants ; the Lady of the Lord Bishop of Toronto and party, with carriages and servants, together with many others of the like respectability had been, and were still, staying there, enjoying the delightful air, the beauty of the scenery, and the quiet yet comfortable temporary home they had made choice of. Of our own friends I recognised many on the Register, including several of the most distinguished public characters of the United States, and numerous English residents in the Union of the highest standing and respectability. From the Falls I came to Queenston in a rail-car drawn by horses ; passed Brock's Monument and obtained a most magnificent view from Queenston Mountain as we descended. I embarked there in "The Chief Justice Robinson," steamship, with a fine Band of Music on board, and sufficient of real luxury in Lake travelling to serve for my next Epistle. Therefore, as you well know nothing escapes me, you may soon expect to hear again from your old friend,

LEO.

* * * Wm. A. Livingston & Co. have succeeded Harnden & Co. as Express Forwarders between New York and Philadelphia, and from personal knowledge of their care and attention we are well able to assure the public that this line is highly deserving of encouragement. Their office is at No. 3 Wall Street.

We call attention to the advertisement of Mr. Farquhar of the "Rialto," Montreal. We have seen many who have visited his place and all speak in the highest terms of both Host and his Larder. We are persuaded nothing will be wanting that money can procure to make his guests comfortable. Even New York sends forth her choice dishes to his table. Oysters, Lobsters, Turtle, &c., per Express weekly.

We have received from the Verrennes Springs, near Montreal, a few bottles of its famed Waters, and in our present state of health, after a fatiguing visit to Toronto, &c., we doubt not its efficacious qualities will be felt. There is shortly to be an Agency established here, if so we may speak farther of its virtue.

INK.—At this present writing we are using the "Matchless Blue Ink," manufactured by Bard and sold at 128 Nassau Street. Without presuming to vouch for *all* the good qualities attributed to it by the maker, we do not hesitate to say that it is by far the best we have ever tried, whether for colour, freedom of flow, or any other requisite ordinarily desired in such an article. No trifling advantages these where the pen has to be largely and frequently used.

The Drama.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—"The Yellow Dwarf" continues to be in favor with the public, and there are always excellent houses to witness its performance ; by

way of change, however, "The Vivandiere" is played, and *Mitchell* occasionally gives his admirable personations of *Pedrigo Potts*, *Jem Baggs* or others of the pet "Olympian" characters. The season here may be considered on the whole a decidedly prosperous one.

BOWERY, and CHATHAM THEATRES.—At these houses a species of rivalry is in operation. A remarkable feat of the late General Putnam, or rather of his horse, has been dramatised by two different writers for the several establishments here alluded to, and the *Spectacle*, for such it is, is found both exciting and attractive. This piece is performed nightly at each house.

. Mr. Lennox has just returned from his Canadian engagement apparently in great spirits, and with high satisfaction at the result of his visit there.

Literary Notices.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED BIBLE.—Part VI.—We need not advert to the text of this beautiful work, which is indeed the well-known "authorised edition", without comment, but the copious parallels which it denotes, the delightful clearness of its type, the ornamental letters, and the engraved illustrations must always commend it to families and individuals who desire to be possessed of a good copy of the Holy Scriptures. The demand for it we rejoice to hear is immense.

SCHOOL SYSTEM OF GEOGRAPHY.—By *Sidney E. Morse*.—New York: Harpers.—The author has just put forth a new and carefully revised edition of this very popular work, and by means of Cerography has been able to give more than fifty valuable maps of states, countries, and grand divisions, besides various illustrations calculated to fasten useful recollections on the minds of young students. This is one of the cleverest as well as cheapest school books that we have ever examined.

THE SPOON.—No. 2.—By *Habk. O. Westman*.—New York: Harpers.—The learned and ingenious Mr. Westman proceeds diligently in recording "The Transactions of the Society of Literary and Scientific Chiffonniers," and this is the second number of his interesting lucubrations. No words of ours can do justice to the labor, research, and appropriate application of the materials which he has brought to his subject, and we cannot too forcibly press its perusal on all who desire both information and rational entertainment.

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.—Nos. 14 and 15.—By *Edw. Gibbon*.—New York: Harpers.—These two numbers bring the valuable history by Gibbon to its conclusion; and the public can now procure this far-famed work for about four dollars; it has hitherto cost as many pounds sterling.

ARRAH NEIL, OR TIMES OF OLD.—By *G. P. R. James*.—New York: Harpers.—We should but tire the patience of our readers if we were to enter upon an eulogium of Mr. James as a historical novelist. Suffice it that this is one in his very best vein, the time and subject being those of the unhappy dissensions between Charles I. of England and his Parliament. The copy before us forms No. 40 of the cheap edition of Select Novels, so neatly put forth by these publishers.

. Another neat copy also lies upon our table, from the press of Mr. Winchester.

THE LONDON FOR JUNE, AND THE EDINBURGH FOR JULY, QUARTERLY REVIEWS, are just re-published by Leonard Scott & Co.—The former of these is peculiarly interesting from the nature of its articles and the masterly style of handling them; in particular the subjects of the Rebecca Riots and Railroad Legislation. The most attractive article in the latter is that concerning "George Selwyn and his times."

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR JULY, 1844.—New York: Leonard Scott & Co.—This number like its predecessors is a neat and careful reprint of the original.

THE OMNIBUS.—New York: Mowatt.—A continuation of that very cheap system of publishing which we have had occasion to notice more than once. The present number, like each of those which preceded it, contains six novels, for twenty-five cents!

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW FOR AUGUST, 1844.—Again this admirable literary Periodical comes in its due time before the public, replete with valuable matter, of ample variety of style and subject. Its graphic embellishment consists of an engraved portrait of James K. Polk, sharply and neatly executed by J. B. Forrest.

THE WANDERING JEW.—No. 2.—Translated by *Herbert from the French of Eugene Sue*.—New York: Winchester.—The work is interesting and the translation is elegant.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST, 1844.—The spirit of this work is well kept up, and the subjects touched upon are all of high importance to the commercial world.

LADIES' COMPANION FOR AUGUST, 1844.—The literary portion of this work is even superior to its ordinary contents, and the embellishments are of a high order of execution.

THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—The last two numbers which have been received of this celebrated publication are of striking excellence in their graphic character. Wood engraving has received such a stimulus through the demand occasioned by this and similar works that it may be said to have assumed altogether new features and characteristics. Those before us are of that excellence which is hardly short of engraving on plates. Mr. Brough, of 117 Fulton street, is the importer of this fine hebdomadal.

ESSAYS ON THE PRINCIPLES OF MORALITY.—By *Jonathan Dimond*. New York: Collins, Brothers, & Co.—This very clever work has been some years before the public, though never in so compact or perhaps so cheap a form as in

the present edition. The author is a strict and pure moralist, but dealing, we fear, much more largely in pure abstractions than the present constitution of society will permit of in exercise. He is likewise obviously of a sect, the doctrines of which he warmly advocates, and there are certain points of his moral system which would bear dispute. It is nevertheless a curious work, calculated to be exceedingly serviceable to every serious ethical enquirer, and worthy to be faithfully studied by readers generally.

WONDERFUL!—Many supposed that Thomas Parr, the discoverer of Parr's Life Pills (see advertisement) never lived at all, or, that the reports and statements in regard to his age are all a hoax. But there is evidence to the contrary. Dr. Clark, in his commentary on the 90th Psalm, 10th verse, under the head of "Instances of Modern Longevity," says—"Thomas Parr, of Winnington, in Shropshire, far outlived the term as set down in the Psalm. At the age of eighty eight he married his first wife, by whom he had two children. At one hundred and two he fell in love with Catherine Milton, by whom he had an illegitimate child, and for which he did penance in the church. At the age of one hundred and twenty he married a widow woman, and when he was one hundred and thirty could perform any act of husbandry. He died at the age of one hundred and fifty-two. He had seen ten Kings and Queens of England."

CRICKET CHALLENGE.

AT a regular meeting of the St. George's Cricket Club of New York, held on the 5th Aug., it was
Resolved, That this Club will play ANY ELEVEN PLAYERS IN CANADA a match at Cricket, on the ground of the St. George's Club in New York, at any time previous to the 30th of September next, and, if desired, for any sum from \$100 to \$1000. The match to consist of two innings each.

SAMUEL NICHOLS, Sec'y of St. George's C. C.
H^t The British Colonist, Toronto Patriot and Montreal Herald please copy, and send bills to Secretary of St. George's C. C.

Ag. 10-2t.

CRICKET CHALLENGE.

THE TORONTO CLUB and Ground, hereby challenge any "Eleven"—now resident within the United States of America—to play a match at Cricket, as a friendly trial of skill.

Said Match to consist of a single game of two innings each; and to come off on the Toronto Ground, Monday, Sept. 23, 1844; the week following the Niagara Races.

H^t Acceptance to be signified, in writing, to the Secretary, so as to reach him at Toronto not later than Sept. 7th, 1844.

By order

G. A. PHILLPOTTS, Sec'y T. C. C.

TORONTO, Canada West, Aug. 1st, 1844.

P.S.—It is not the usage of the Club to play for wagers, but, if desired, a Toronto gentleman is ready to accept bets on the event, to the extent of Two Hundred Guineas.

Ag. 10-2t.

G. A. P.

INDIGESTION

MOST PREVALENT IN WARM WEATHER.

Use Parr's Life Pills where Health is a Desideratum.

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES.—In no season does the blood and secretions of the human system undergo more striking change than in the fall of the year. If we turn to Nature, the changes in the vegetable world are found to be not only strikingly analogous, but to have a strong influence on the healthy or diseased condition of the body. From the decay of autumn, and the morbid and deathlike state of winter, there springs new life and beauty. The effect of this decreased activity in all inanimate matter, as well as on our physical system, renders the use of some simple medicine—especially to those of a slender constitution—of absolute importance. This is the time effectually to assist nature in renewing and strengthening the power of the vital organs. Of these functions, none have a more intimate connection than the stomach and liver. The presence of food in the stomach, and the healthy operation of the diges i.e. powers, furnish the only natural stimulant to the liver. But whenever the coatings of the former become weak and morbid, both the quantity and quality of the secretions are greatly modified; the natural stimulus is diminished—the bile is improperly secreted, and disease of the liver, or chronic affections in one form or another, are almost sure to follow. In this critical condition, to give a healthy tone to the stomach, and to free the blood of its impurities, thereby preventing months, and it may be years, of suffering, **Parr's LIFE PILLS** are a perfectly gentle and effectual medicine. Its celebrated author was for more than a century not only a close and constant student of the medicinal properties of plants, but of their adaptation to the cure of every class of internal disease. Although in early life apparently a hopeless invalid, the use of this medicine restored and continued him in health and vigor to the extreme age of 132 years. These Pills are exceedingly mild in their operation, and may be given to children as well as adults with the utmost security. To their superiority in this respect over most of the vegetable medicines in use, thousands are constantly testifying.

The Proprietors have sedulously avoided that system of puffing so generally resorted to, yet their Pills have won a degree of popular favor unequalled in the history of any family medicine. It is now only twelve months since they established their agency in the United States, and the monthly sales are exceeding upwards of ten thousand boxes.

They give these as simple facts, wishing the medicine to rest alone on its intrinsic value. No ship going to sea should be without them. Families having once used them will always have a supply.

Sold Retail by all respectable Druggists, and Wholesale by Thomas Roberts & Co., 117 Fulton Street.

Ag. 10.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. Gillott. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pen, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.

" Aqueated Bridge at Sing Sing.

" " Harlem River.

View of the Jet at " Fountains in the Park, New York.

" in Union Park, "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by

HENRY JESSOPP, 91 John-st.

RIALTO, MONTREAL.—Mr. FARQUHAR respectfully announces to the citizens of New York on the eve of visiting Montreal, together with his Canadian Patrons, that he is prepared at all hours to accommodate the travelling public. His viands are of the first quality, his Liquors, Wines, &c., of the premier brands. Mint Juleps, Sherry Cobblers, and every fancy drink on demand. Lobsters, Oysters, Turtle, &c., received every Friday by Express line. Mr. F. having been in the business for some years, flatters himself he can meet the wishes of the most fastidious.

Two Billiard Rooms are attached to the Establishment, being the only ones in Montreal. Ag. 3-9m.

THE RAILROAD HOTEL, 86th St., 4th Avenue, Yorkville.—THOMAS F. LENNOX, late of the Chatham Theatre, respectfully announces to his friends his new location in Yorkville. The Cars stop hourly on weekdays and half hourly on Sundays.

This Establishment will be found one of the most suitable and convenient stopping places en route to the AQUEUEDUCT,—that greatest of modern scientific achievements,—and which is within two minutes walk of the R. R. Hotel.

Liquors, Wines, &c., of a superior quality, are constantly on hand; also, Oysters, Cakes, Ice Cream, and every delicacy of the Season.

Private Rooms for Parties.

An excellent Quoit Ground is attached to the House, together with other Amusements.

MRAIDER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Prince Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufactured Tobacco.

Ag. 30-ly.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA,
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DIS-EASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Asciates, or Drapery. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.

If there be a pleasure on earth which superior beings cannot enjoy, and one which they might almost envy men the possession of it is the power of removing pain. How consoling, then, is the consciousness of having been the instrument of rescuing thousands from misery to those who possess it. What an amount of suffering has been relieved and what a still greater amount of suffering can be prevented by the use of Sand's Sarsaparilla! The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinewes, and bones half carious, has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers and loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groaned hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretive organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the tomb of disease, and now with regenerated constitution, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

New York, July 25, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—I consider it but an act of justice to you to state the following facts in reference to the great benefit I have received in the cure of an obstinate **CANCEROUS ULCER** on my breast.

I was attended eighteen months by a regular and skilful physician, assisted by the advice and counsel of one of our most able and experienced surgeons, without the least benefit whatever. All the various methods of treating cancer were resorted to: for five weeks in succession my breast was burned with caustic three times a day, and for six it was daily syringed with a weak solution of nitric acid, and the cavity or internal ulcer was so large that it held over an ounce of the solution. The Doctor probed the ulcer and examined the bone, and said the disease was advancing rapidly to the lungs, and if I did not get speedy relief by medicine or an operation the result would be fatal. I was advised to have the breast laid open and the bones examined, but finding no relief from what had been done and feeling that I was rapidly getting worse, I almost despaired of recovery and considered my case nearly hopeless.

Seeing various testimonials and certificates of cure by the use of "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," in cases similar to my own, I concluded to try a few bottles, several of which were used, but from the long, deep-seated character of my disease, produced no very decided change; considering this as the only probable cure for my case, I persevered, until the disease was entirely cured. It is now over eleven months since the cure was completed; there is not the slightest appearance of a return. *I therefore pronounce myself well and the cure entirely effected by "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," as I took no other medicine of any kind during the time I was using it, nor have I taken any since.* Please excuse this long deferred acknowledgment, which I think it my duty to make. Your valuable Sarsaparilla cured me, with the blessing of Divine Providence, when nothing else could, and I feel myself under lasting obligations to you. I can say many things I cannot write, and I do most respectfully invite ladies afflicted as I have been to call upon me and I will satisfy them fully of the truth as stated above, and many other things in reference to the case.

NANCY J. MILLER,
218 Sullivan-st., next door to the Methodist Church.

The following extract from a letter just come to hand will be read with interest. The writer, Mr. Almy, is a gentleman of the first respectability, Justice of the Peace, &c. The patient suffered for years with Fever Sores on his legs, and could find no relief until he used Sand's Sarsaparilla. Mr. Almy, writing at the request and on behalf of the patient, Jonathan Harris, says—

Gentlemen—it has once more become my duty to communicate to you the situation of Mr. Harris, and you may rely upon it I do so with the utmost pleasure. Mr. Harris says that four of his sores are entirely healed up, and the remainder are fast doing so. He further says that he has no pain in the affected limb whatever—that his sleep is of the most refreshing nature, and his health in every respect very much improved—so visible is the change that all who see him exclaim, "what a change!" and earnestly inquire what he has been doing? He has gained in flesh very much, and is able to work at his trade,—which is that of a shoemaker—without any inconvenience. This is the substance of his narrative—but the picture I cannot in any way here do justice to. The manner, the gratitude, the faith, and the exhilarating effect upon his spirits, you can but faintly imagine. He requests me to say he will come and see you as surely as he lives. May God continue to bless your endeavours to alleviate the miseries of the human family, is the fervent prayer of your sincere friend.

HUMPHREY ALMY, Justice of the Peace.

Brooklyn, Conn., July 10, 1844.

Baltimore, June 10, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—Most cheerfully do I add to the numerous testimonials of your life preservative Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1839 with a scrofulous affection on my upper lip, and continuing upward, taking hold of my nose and surrounding parts until the passages for conveying tears from the eyes to the nose were destroyed, which caused an unceasing flow of tears. It also affected my gums causing a discharge very unpleasant, and my teeth became so loose that it would not have been a hard task to pull them out with a slight jerk—such were my feelings and sufferings at this time that I was rendered perfectly miserable. I consulted the first physicians in the city, but with little benefit. Every thing I heard of was tried, but all proved of no service, and as a last resort was recommended a change of air; but this like other remedies, did no good; the disease continued gradually to increase until my whole body was affected. But, thanks to humanity, my physician recommended your preparation of Sarsaparilla. I procured from your agent in this city, Dr. James A. Reed, six bottles, and in less time than three months was restored to health and happiness. Your Sarsaparilla alone effected the cure, and with a desire that the afflicted may no longer suffer, but use the right medicine and be free from disease, with feelings of joy and gratitude, I remain your friend DANIEL McCONNICKAN.

Any one desirous to know further particulars will find me at my residence in Front-st., where it will afford me pleasure to communicate anything in relation to this cure.

DANIEL McCONNICKAN.

Personally appeared before me the above-named Daniel McConnickan, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement.

JOHN CLOUD,
Justice of the Peace of the City of Baltimore.

Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 27, 1844.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands:—Gents—I have just received a letter from my father in Russellville, Ky., who wishes to purchase some of your Sarsaparilla. I have no doubt he can be the means of selling a great deal, as it has performed a wonderful cure in his family. Last December I was sent to see my sister before she died, she having been in poor health for some two or three years, and at the time I went over to see her, she was at the point of death with the scarlet fever, and a cancerous affection of the bowels, from which her physician thought she could not possibly recover. I carried over with me a bottle of your Sarsaparilla, and with the consent of her physician she commenced taking it that night. I remained with her three days, and left her rapidly improving. Her husband sent a boy home with me for more of the Sarsaparilla. I sent one dozen bottles, which I believe will effect an entire cure. My father writes me to that effect, and wishes through me to procure an agency for selling your valuable medicine to that neighbour. Respectfully, J. M. OWENS.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. Sands, wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, Alexander Begeg, Quebec, J. W. Brent, Druggist, Kingston, S. T. Urquhart, Toronto, Canada, Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

Ag. 3.

WELLMAN, WEBSTER AND NORTON,
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,
No. 75 Camp-street, New Orleans.

L. J. Webster, A. L. Norton, H. B. Wellman.
Reference—G. Merle, Esq., Wilson & Brown, and Lee Date & Miller, N. Y.
Aug. 26-11.

THOMAS H. CHAMBERS,

(Formerly Conductor to Dubois & Stoddart),

PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER,

No. 385 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

N. B.—All Piano Fortes sold at this Establishment are warranted to stand the action of any climate.

May 11-6m.

A NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

MARINE TELEGRAPH FLAGS AND SEMAPHORIC TELEGRAPH SIGNAL BOOK. TO THE COMMERCIAL, MERCANTILE AND SHIPPING INTERESTS OF NEW YORK.—The undersigned, having furnished above two thousand sets of Marine Telegraph Flags with a designating number, and Signal Book, (including the Government vessels of war and revenue cutters,) proposes to furnish the merchant vessels of New York with full sets of his Telegraph Flags, a designating number and Signal Book, for FIFTEEN DOLLARS, for a set of thirteen flags in number, with the book of numerals as registered in numerical and alphabetical order. Ships, barques, brigs, schooners, sloops, and steam-vessels, possessing this semaphoric code of signals, with a designating Telegraph number, will be displayed upon the Exchange building in Wall-street, as received from the Staten Island Telegraph station, upon their arrival in the outer harbor—all which will be duly recorded and reported by the undersigned, at the Marine Surveyor's Office, No. 67 Wall-street. JOHN R. PARKER, Sole Proprietor of the Marine Telegraph Flags and the Semaphoric Signal Book.

A. A. LEGGETT, Agent for John R. Parker, at Merchants' Exchange.

We, the undersigned, marine surveyors, having examined the system of marine signals, or telegraph flags, together with the semaphoric signal book, compiled by Mr. John R. PARKER, think them well adapted for communication at sea, and strongly recommend their use and adoption by owners of vessels, ship-masters, underwriters, and all others interested in the commerce of our country.

THOMAS H. MERRY, SAMUEL TINKHAM,
RUSSELL STURGES, JOSEPH BRUMLEY.

June 15.

MAGAZIN OF PARIS, LONDON, & NEW YORK FASHIONS IN LADIES' HATS. The establishment No. 418 Broadway, two doors above Canal Street, is now open and selling every variety of fashionable Bonnets.

It is expressly designed to be a depot whence Ladies may be certain of finding an ample and varied supply of all the most fashionable, beautiful, and durable straw hats, as well as those composed of other materials. A direct communication with Paris and London, affords the means of introducing the latest fashions of those cities, almost as soon as adopted there, to the Ladies of this, the real Metropolis of America. May 4-3m.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has a ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N. B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with pia ces.

Ap. 20-1f.

TO AMATEURS ON THE FLUTE.—Mr. Barton, (pupil of the late C. Nicholson,) respectfully begs to announce that it is his intention to give instruction on the Flute. Mr. Barton professes to teach according to the method purified by the celebrated master, Charles Nicholson.

For terms and particulars application may be made at Signor Gouline, Music Store, Broadway, and Mr. Stoddart's Pianoforte manufactory.

Jan. 20-11.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman streets,) Ne

Y. York.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.

Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.

May 27-3m.

McGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N.Y.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest taverns stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the super vision of the proprietor, JAMES McGREGOR.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire GOOD FAIR, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavoured in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, or their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "McGregor House" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances.

Utica, Nov. 1, 1843.

JAMES McGREGOR.

[Mar. 9-1f.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER.

DAILY, (Sundays excepted,) at 5 o'clock, P.M., from pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place.

The Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

The Steamboat CLEOPATRA, Capt. J. K. Dustan, will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage, immediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.

For further information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 34 Broadway, (up stairs).

Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf.

N. B.—All persons are forbid trusting any one on account of the above boats or owners. May 11-1f.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz.:—

| Ships. | Masters. | Days of Sailing from New York. | Days of Sailing from Liverpool. |
|------------------|-------------------|--|---------------------------------|
| Cambridge, | W. C. Barstow, | June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16 | |
| England, | S. Bartlett, | June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1 | |
| Oxford, | J. Rathbone, | July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16 | |
| Montezuma, (new) | A. W. Lowber, | July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16, Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1 | |
| | A. G. Furber, | Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1, Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16 | |
| New York, | Thos. B. Cropper, | Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1 | |
| Columbus, | G. A. Cole, | Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16 | |
| Yorkshire, (new) | D. G. Bailey, | Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1 | |

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-st., N. Y.,
and to BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.

Feb. 3.